

EH!

DIG THIS CRAZY COMIC!

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

No 6



DIG THIS CRAZY COMIC

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10¢



I CAN'T SEE YOU TONIGHT, ARCHIEBALD... I JUST REMEMBERED I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A SAILOR !!!



MUSEUM OF ANCIENT ART AND CULTURE

Attenheimer

**WEB COMIC
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THE GREASARPALM ART SCHOOL MAKES YOU AN OFFER —



TRACE THE STRAIGHT LINE BELOW ON THE BACK OF AN OLD \$50.00 BILL, SEND IT IN, ALONG WITH \$100.00 TO COVER POSTAGE AND HANDLING, TO THE GREASARPALM ART SCHOOL, 900 TAQUE PLAZA, GYPSUM CITY, IOWAS.

IF YOUR LINE IS JUDGED TO BE STRAIGHT ENOUGH, WE'LL FURNISH YOU A CROOKED ONE (WE'RE FAMOUS FOR OUR CROOKED LINES) TO STRAIGHTEN OUT AS A PRELIMINARY TEST.

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TESTIMONIALS? WE'RE LOADED WITH THEM! HERE'S WHAT NORMAN ROCKHEAD HAS TO SAY AFTER ONLY NINE YEARS INSTRUCTION--

"BEFORE I TOOK THE **G.A.S.** ART COURSE, I WAS NEVER ABLE TO DRAW EVEN A STRAIGHT LINE...TODAY I CAN DRAW A STRAIGHT LINE!"

SALVADORE DILLY, THE NOTED WHITE LINE ROAD PAINTER, HAS THIS TO SAY ABOUT HIS **G.A.S.** COURSE -- "IF IT WASN'T FOR MY COURSE WITH THIS SCHOOL, I'D NEVER HAVE ENDED UP PAINTING WHITE LINES DOWN HIGHWAYS AS A CAREER! YOU, TOO, CAN BE SO LUCKY!"



THE REAL SECRET? WE HAVE A CORNER ON THE YARDSTICK MARKET! WRITE IN TODAY ON THE BACK OF A TEN DOLLAR BILL TO FIND OUT THE FULL DETAILS! IF YOU WRITE IN ON A \$1,000.00 BILL, YOU CAN OWN 49% OF THE STOCK, AND THAT INCLUDES OUR PET MILCH COW!

EH!

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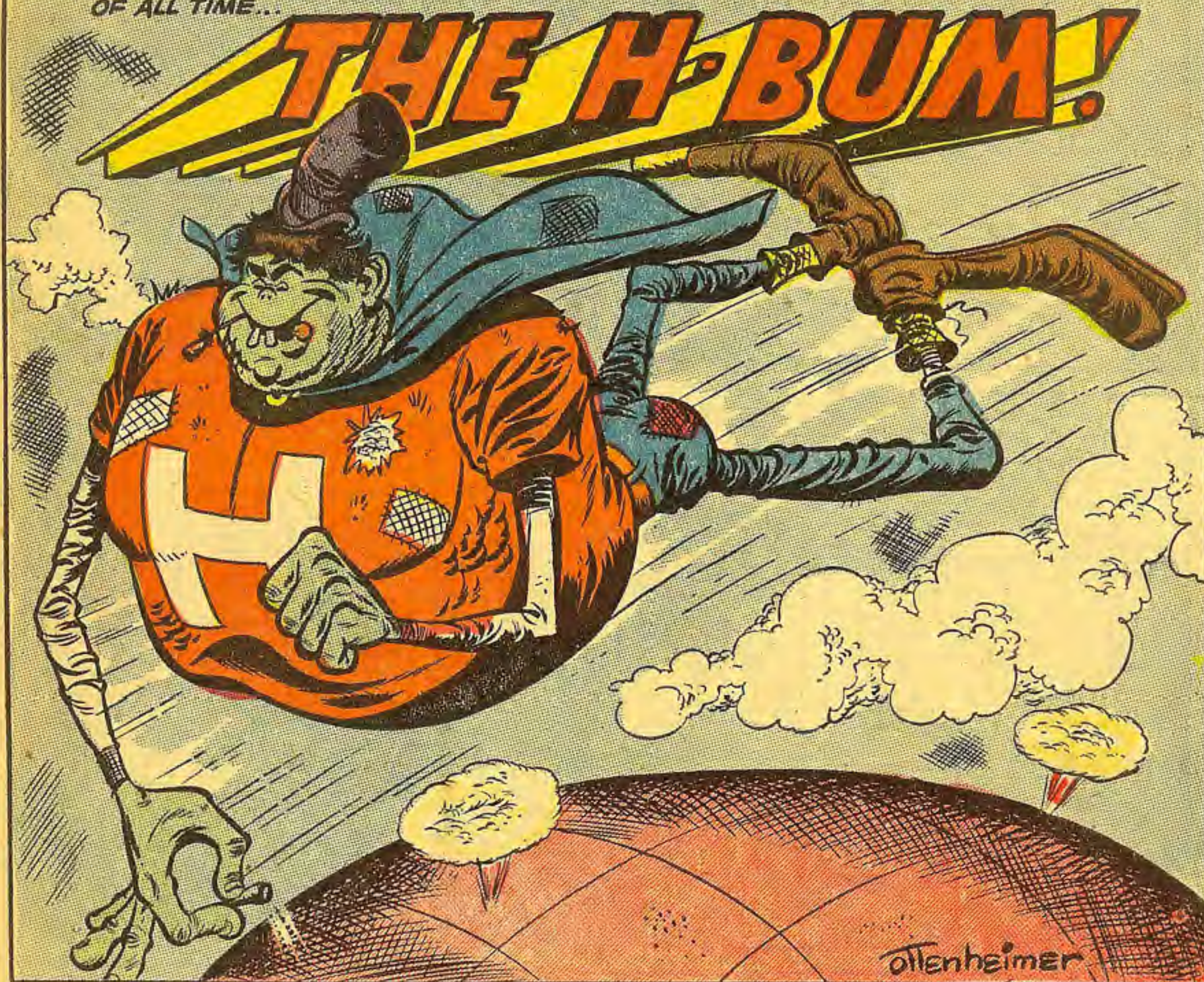
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The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ COWBOY WESTERN HEROES ★ CRIME AND JUSTICE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS ★ EH! Dig this crazy comic ★ HAUNTED ★ HOT RODS AND RACING CARS ★ ZOO FUNNIES ★ LASH LARUE WESTERN ★ ROCKY LANE WESTERN ★ RACKET SQUAD ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ ROMANTIC STORY ★ SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES ★ STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER WESTERN ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS ★ THE THING ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE.

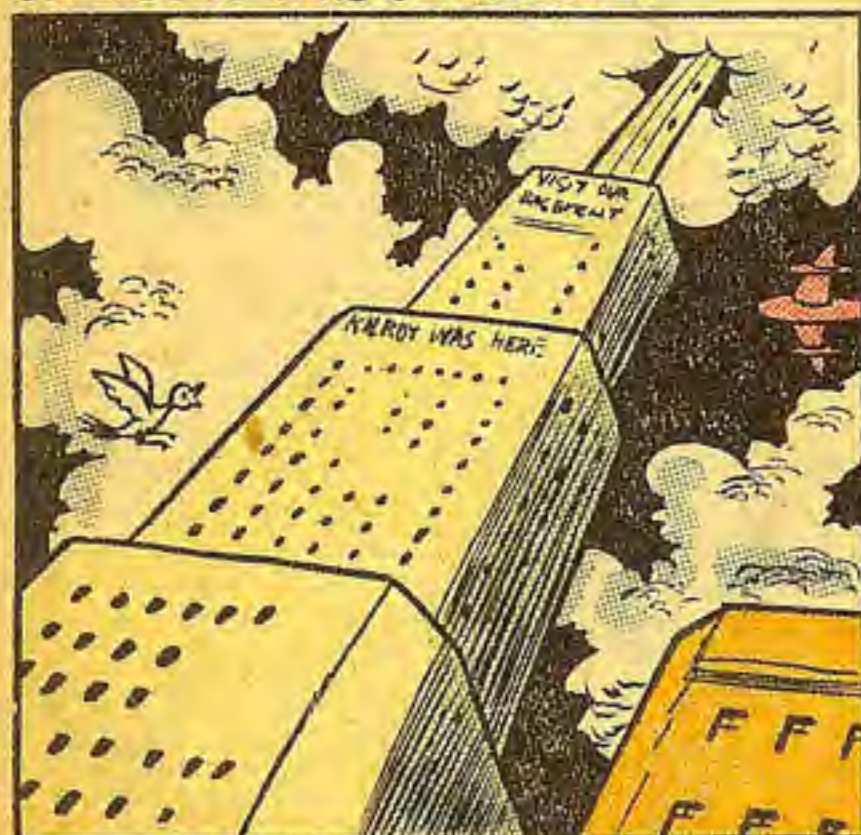
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

EH! PRESENTS THE STORY BEHIND THE STORIES OF THE MOST FANTASTIC COMIC (EH?) OF ALL TIME...

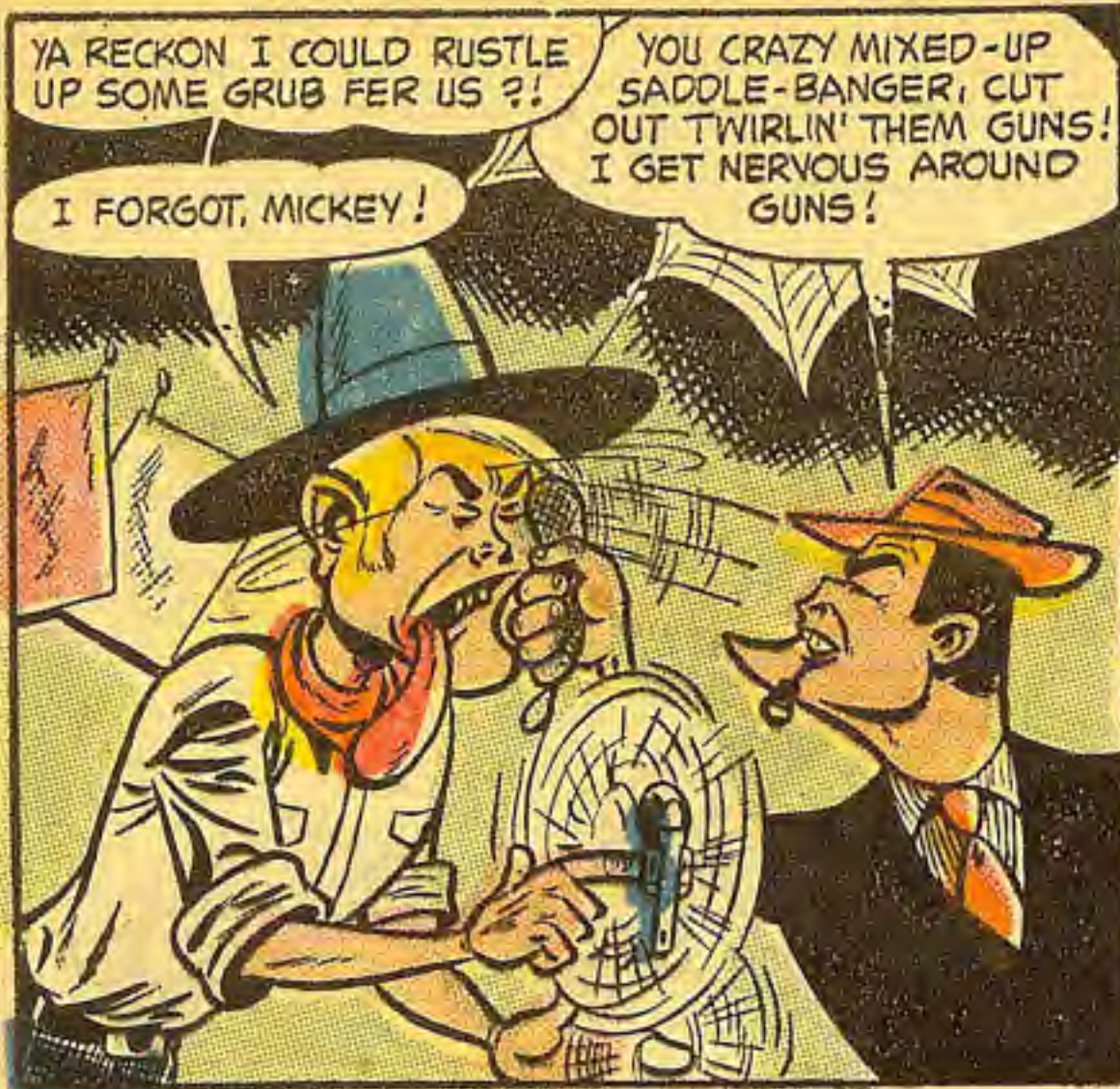


BUT FIRST WE TAKE YOU TO ONE OF THE TALLEST SKYSCRAPERS IN NEW YORK CITY--THE QUAGMIRE STATE BUILDING, AN EDIFICE SUPERSONIC IN ITS DIMENSIONS ---

--BUT EVERY BUILDING HAS ITS BASEMENT----AND IT'S THE BASEMENT THAT SERVES AS HQ FOR GRQ COMICS. WE SEE THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS DEEP IN A STORY CONFERENCE ...



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PERSONALLY, I THINK THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR A GOOD ROMANCE SERIES! AND I'M THE ONE TO GIVE IT TO THEM!

I TRIED LIKE THE BOSS SAID AND SKETCHED ME OWN PITCHER IN A MIRROR-- BUT IT CAME OUT TOO HANDSOME! MAYBE I COULD BE THE HERO OF ONE OF THEM ROMANCE BOOKS, HEY?

WELL, OLD GR IS DUE HERE ANY MINUTE -- AND WE BETTER HAVE A NEW IDEA TO GIVE HIM OR WE'LL ALL BE OUT WALKING THE STREETS!

CHEE-- I'D HATE TO GIVE UP THIS SWANK OFFICE!

PODNER, I RECKON SOMEONE'S AT OUR CORRAL GATE!

MAYBE IT'S GR-- LET'S KNOCK SOME OF THIS DUST OUT OF THE TYPEWRITERS!

C'MON IN WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

KNOCK KNOCK

HEWNO! MY NAME IS WALT WHIMSEY, AND I'M A CARTOONIST!

HE'S A MIGHTY STRANGE LOOKING COYOTE TO BE DRAWIN' COMICS!

YEAH -- HE LOOKS COMICAL! AND THAT AIN'T DONE!

I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE LOOKING FOR NEW IDEAS TO SHOW YOUR BOSS, G.R. QUICK! I HAVE A NEW IDEA!

HEY! YOU AREN'T WALT WHIMSEY, THE ANIMATED CARTOONIST, ARE YOU?

THAT ME, ALL RIGHT! YOU HAVE HEARD OF ME?

OH, MAN, YOU ARE IN THE WRONG PLACE! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT FUNNY COMICS DIED OUT A LONG TIME AGO?

YEAH, PODNER, WE ALL ARE TRYIN' TO OUTTHINK EACH OTHER IN BRINGIN' TO THE PUBLIC HORROR, ADVENTURE AND MYSTERY COMICS!

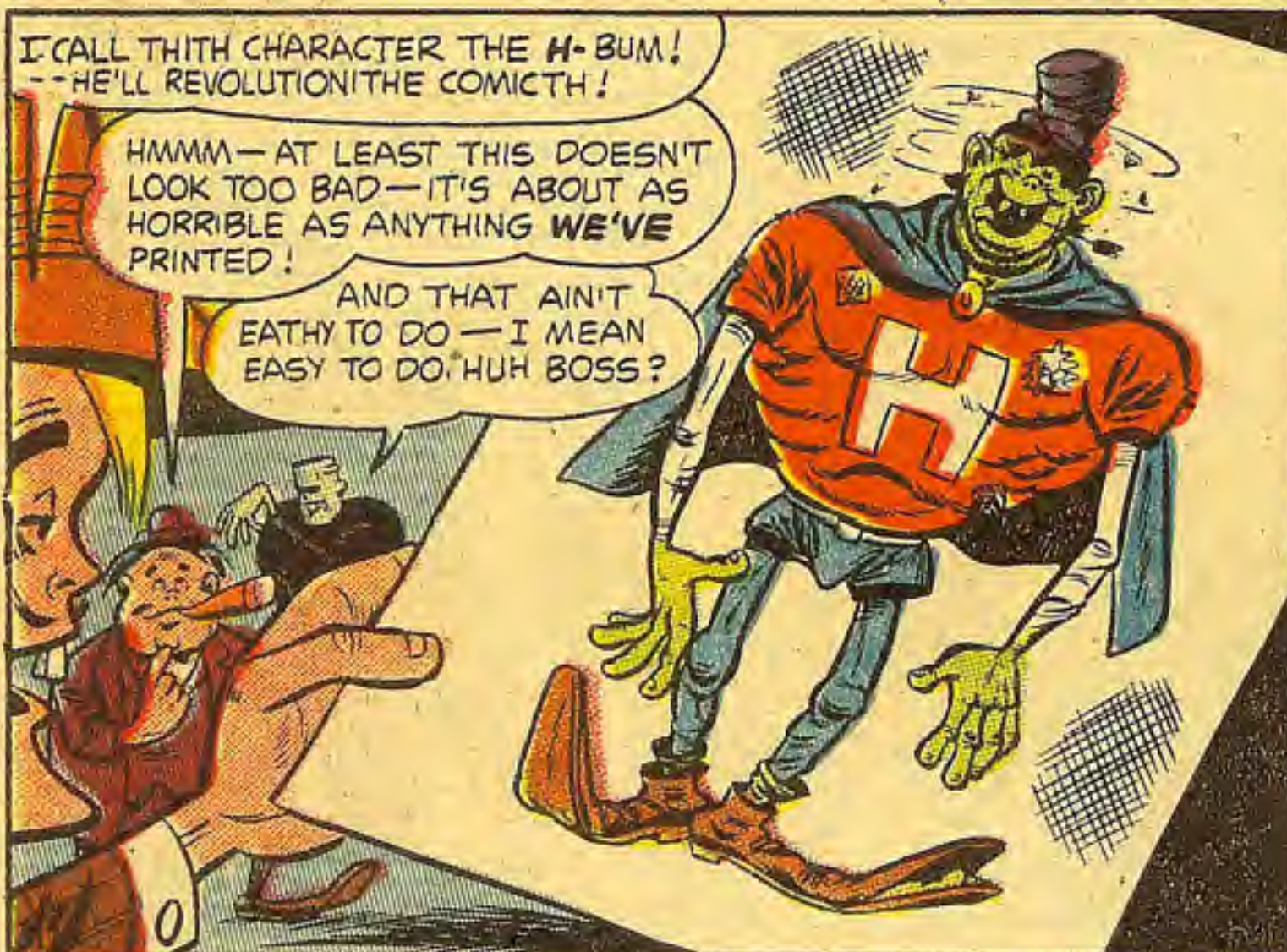
YEAH, MAN-- THAT THERE FUNNY STUFF JUST WON'T DO!

I MIGHT ADMIT THAT LATELY (SIGH) MY LITTLE ANIMATED FRIENDS HAVE GONE UNNOTICED -- THAT'S WHY I'VE DECIDED TO DO WHAT YOU BOYS DO!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE -- WHO LET THAT COMIC CARTOONIST IN HERE?

JEEPS -- IT'S GR!! HELLO, GR! SIRRAH, MASTER!

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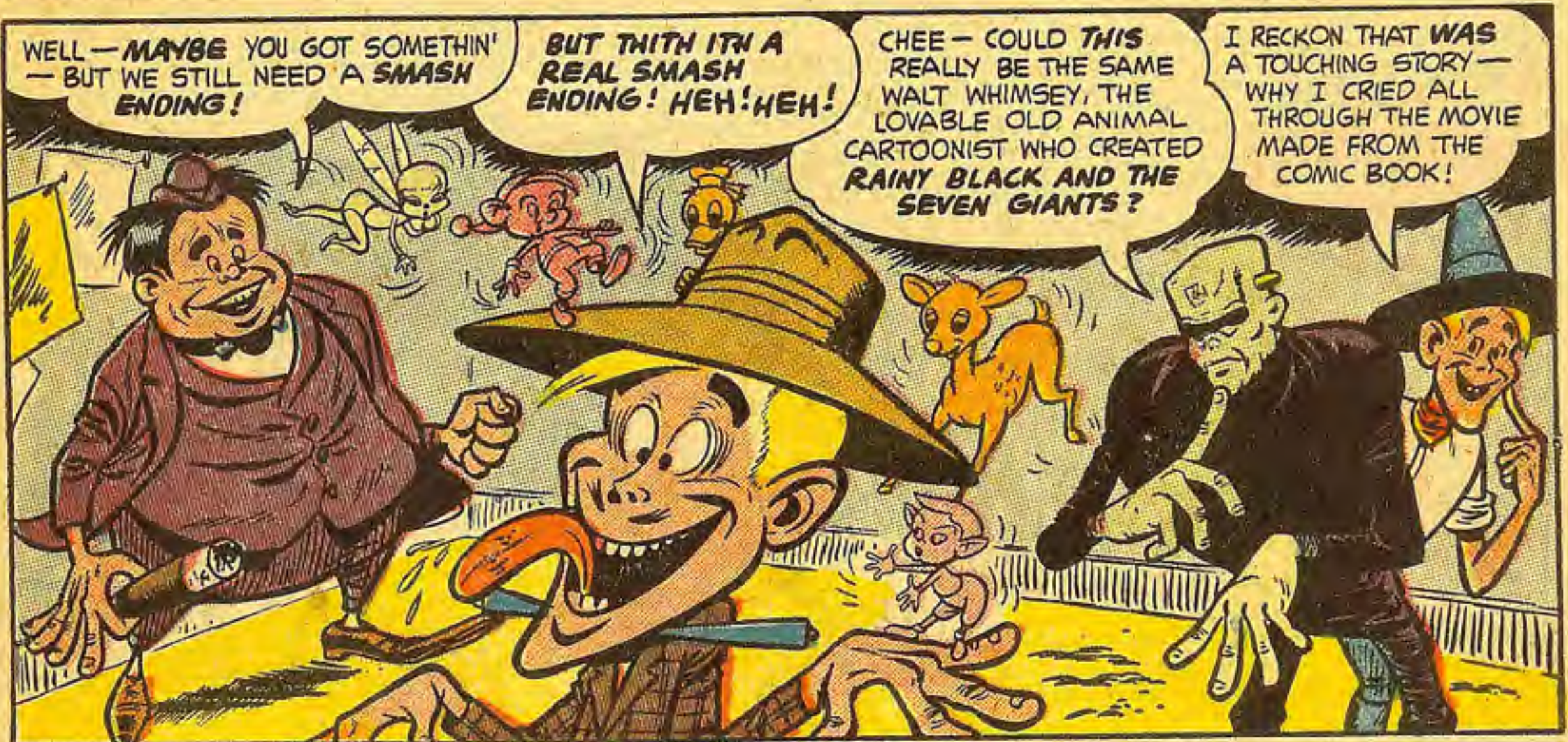
"THE H-BUM ITH MORE POWERFUL THAN DUPERMAN, EVEN, GR! HE'TH MORE EXPLOTHIVE THAN ATOMIC MOUTHE! THITH ITH A WALKING, FLYING, FIGHTING HUMAN HELIUM BOMB!"

"YOU THEE? AIN'T HE LOUTHY? YOU THEE, THE H-BUM WAS ORIGINALLY JUTH A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING BUM UNTIL HE HIT ON THE HUMAN H-BOMB FORMULA—MIXING STERNO, VODKA AND NITRO!"

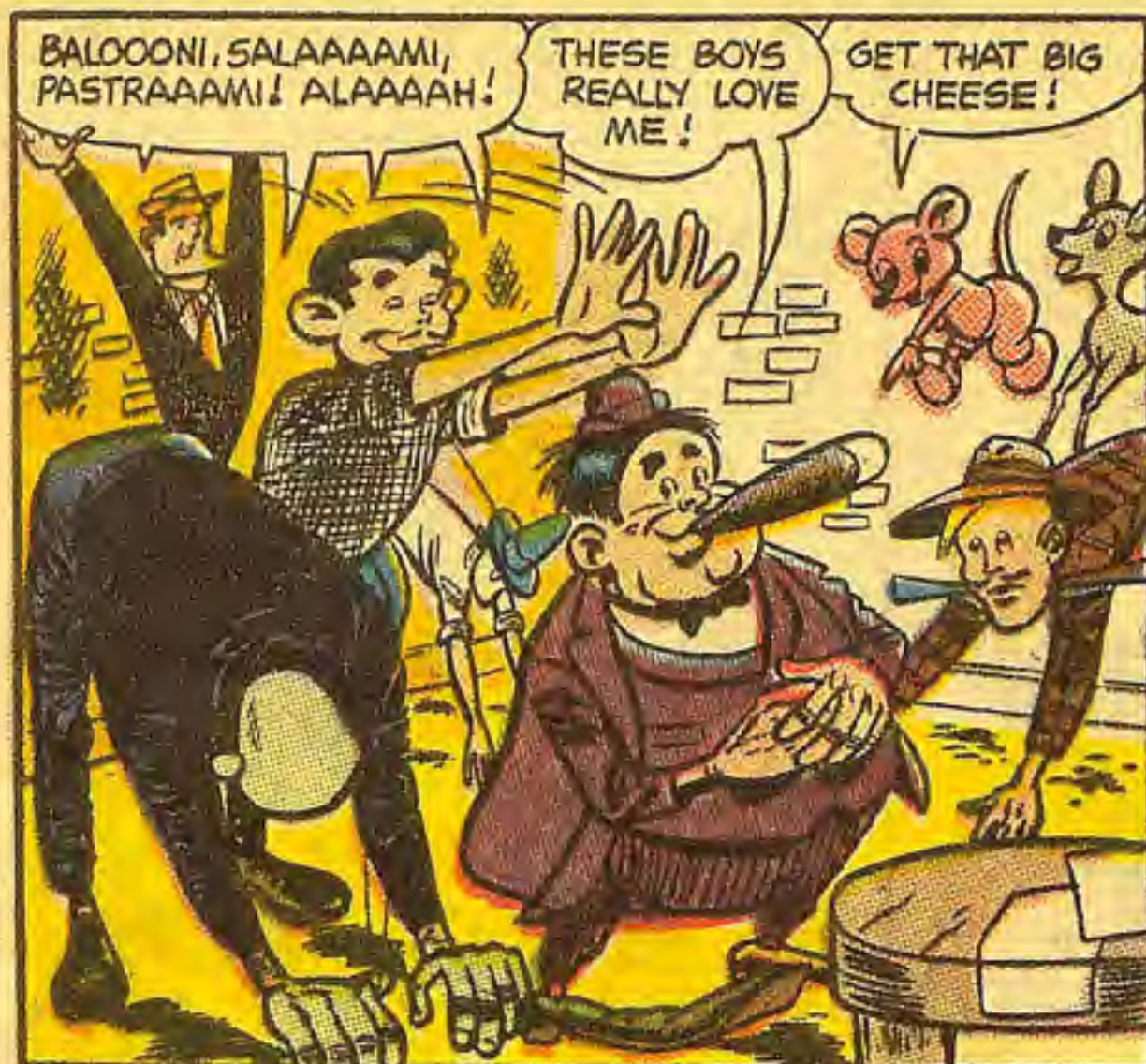
"NOW HE'TH MORE THAN A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING BUM—HE'TH A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING **SUPER-BUM**—HE'TH THE H-BUM—MY CREATION!"



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"HE TAKETH NO GUFF FROM ANYONE, BOY—THEE HOW HE GOETH AFTER THOTHE ROBBERTH?"

"..AND YOU'LL PLEATH NOTE THAT HE HATH NO MERTHY ON THOTHE ROBBERTH! HE REALLY GETTH THEM."

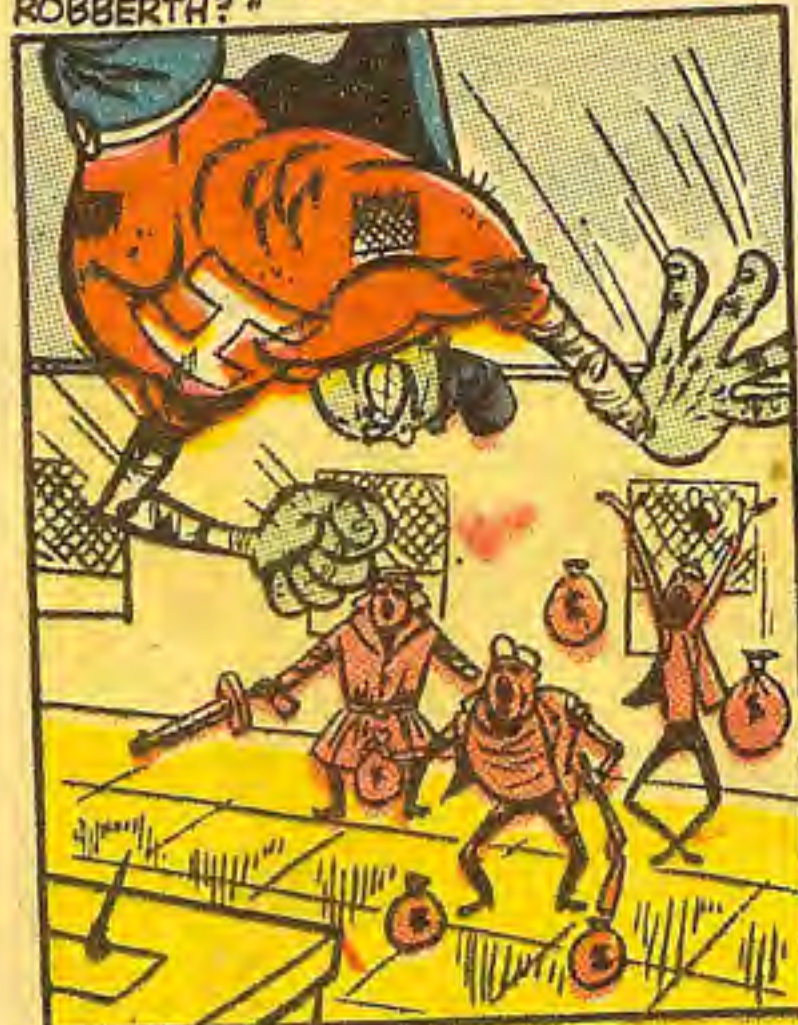
"YEAH, WALT, BUT THAT STUFF IS USED EVERY DAY!"

"TO GET ON WITH MY NEW COMIC THENTHATION, YOU'LL NOTE THAT WHEN HE HEARTH ABOUT A ROBBERY FROM THE POLITHE REPORT ON HITH WRITHT RADIO, HE IMMEDIATELY GOETH TO THE THENE OF THE CRIME!"



"JUTHT KEEP LOOKING, THATT ALL! HEHEHEH! NOTITHE HOW HE MOWTH DOWN THOTHE INNOTHENT PEOPLE WITHOUT A GUALM! AIN'T HE GREAT?"

"NOW YOU'RE TALKIN', WHIMSEY, OLE BOY! WHAT'S NEXT?"

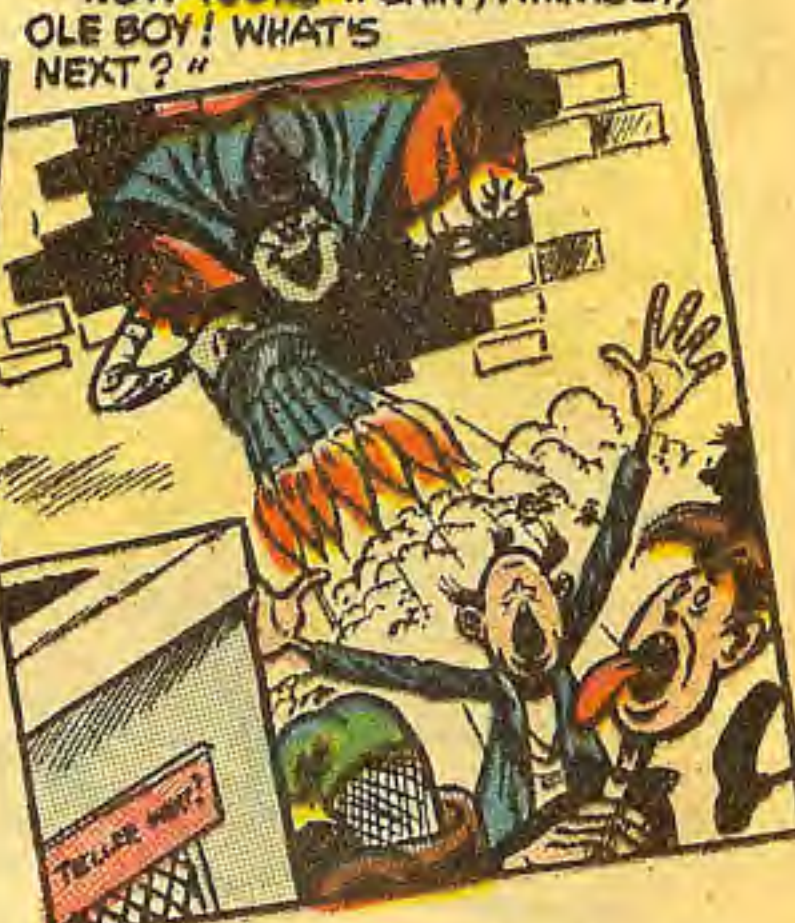


"HE'TH GOING TO HITH MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT! NOW YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG THURPRITHE! THERE'TH A GANG THERE WAITING FOR HIM!"

"THEY GONNA RUB HIM OUT?"

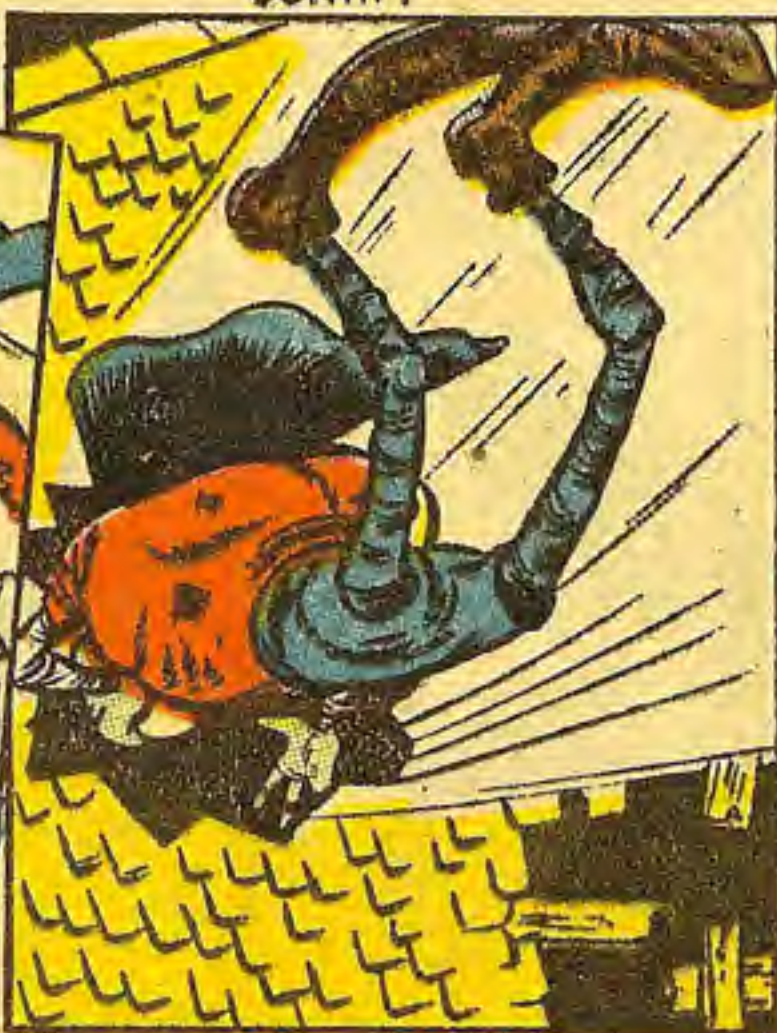


"WAIT AND THEE! YOU'LL NOTITHE THAT THE H-BUM DON'T BELIEVE IN UTHING DORTH!"



"HERE OUR HERO APPEARTH TO BE IN TROUBLE—THITH ITH A MEAN BUNCH!"

"HEY! THEY LOOK LIKE ALL THE TOP COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS!"



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"YOU'LL NOTE HERE THAT THEY ARE HAILING THE H-BUM AS THEIR CHIEF! THE U.M. THANDTH FOR UNDERWORLD MENATHETH, AND THITH ITH THEIR NEW HEADQUARTERTH!"

"WOW! THINK OF THAT—A COMIC MAGAZINE THAT HAS ALL THE WORST HORROR CHARACTERS UNDER ONE LEADER! IT'S GREAT!"



"NO—THAT' TH NOT IT— YOU'LL THEE THOON!"

"HERE, ATH YOU CAN THEE, THEY'RE GETTING READY TO THELEBRATE THEIR NEW HORRIBLE CRIME ORGANIZATION! THE H-BUM ITH GOING TO MIX HITH OWN THPETHIAL DRINK FOR THE BOYTH!"



"THEY ALL MADE THE MITHTAKE OF DRINKING AT ONCE—AND A CHAIN REACTION TOOK PLACE—THEY ARE ALL BEING BLOWN TO THMITHEREENTH! AND THAT' TH THE END OF THE COMIC AND H-BUM AND ALL THE HORRIBLE CHARACTERTH ON THE THTANDTH!"

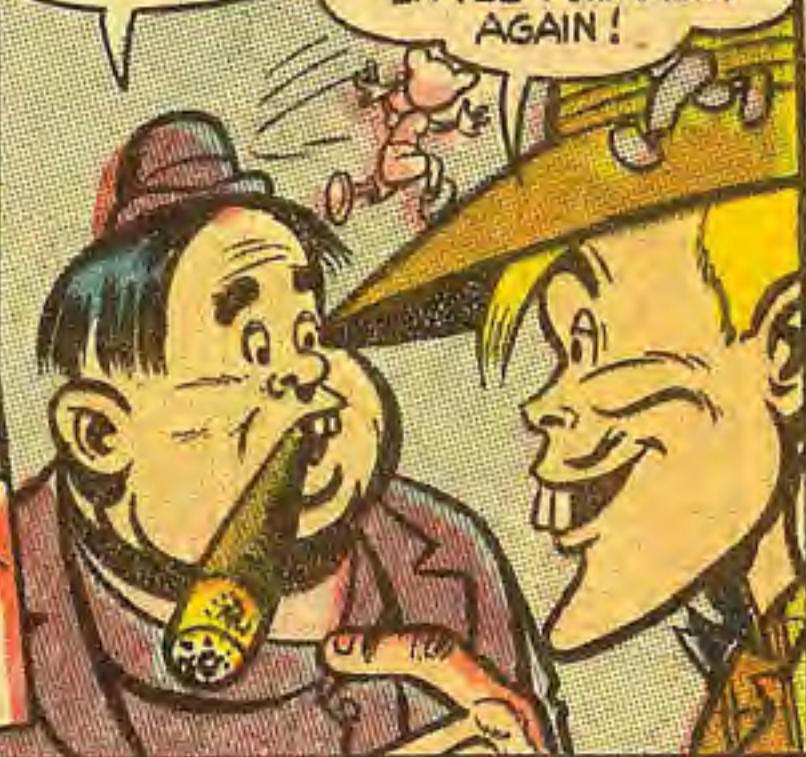
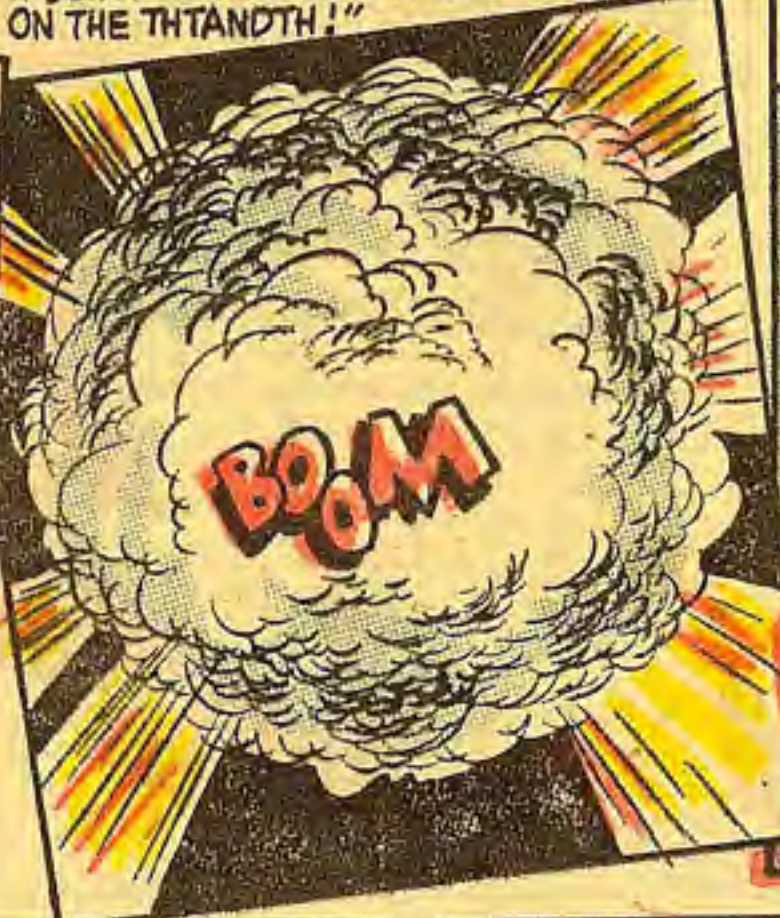
"BUT THE H-BUM ITH MAKING A BIG MITHTAKE—CAN YOU TELL WHAT IT ITH?"

"HE'S USING TOO MUCH VERMOUTH!"



BUT—BUT IF YOU KILLED OFF ALL THESE CHARACTERS, I'D BE OUT OF BUSINESS! WHAT WOULD I DO FOR COMICS?"

THAT' TH MY IDEA! WITH ALL THE HORROR THTUFF KILLED OFF— THERE'D BE ROOM ON THE NEWTH THTANDTH FOR MY LITTLE ANIMALTH AGAIN!



BY GOLLY—THAT'S A HAPPY IDEA INSTEAD OF A SAPPY IDEA—I'LL BUY THAT COMIC OF YOURS AND PUT MYSELF OUT OF THE HORROR BUSINESS—AND GET A FEW LAUGHS BY GOING BACK INTO THE FUNNY BUSINESS!

WHAT AN IDEA! FUNNY COMICS! WOWWEE!

I HAVE PWEDICTED THUCH A TURN OF EVENTTH! MY ATHITHTANTH ARE BWINGING OUT THE FUNNY THTUFF—AND IT' TH FUNNY HOW IT TOOK AN H-BOMB—OR BUM—TO BWING HUMOR BACK TO COMICTH!

HE'S RIGHT! AIN'T HE RIGHT, MEN?

UGH! OY! YOY! EH!



THE END

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NAW - BUT THE EXPERIENCE BROUGHT US SO CLOSE TOGETHER WE FINALLY GOT MARRIED! THAT'S THE HORRIBLE PART!

MAN, I FEEL FOR YOU - IMAGINE BEING MARRIED AND YOU'RE ONLY AN ENCHANTED THIRTY-NINE!

BUT I FINALLY GOT RID OF HER - SHE RAN OFF WITH MY BEST FRIEND!

NAW - I NEVER KNEW THE GUY TILL HE RAN OFF WITH HER - THAT'S WHY HE'S MY BEST FRIEND!

THAT RAT! WAS IT RATSO? HE'S A REAL RAT!

YOU KILL ME, SUETT, YOU KILL ME! HOW COME YA TRANSFERRED?

I TRANSFERRED OVER 'CAUSE THEY GAVE MY EXPRESS RUN ELEVATOR TO A YOKEL WHO WAS A LOCAL OPERATOR! I'M NEVER GONNA PILOT AN OTIS AGAIN!

YOU COME TO THE WRONG OUTFIT, MAN! YOU'LL END UP PILOTING AN ELEVATOR HERE WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!

NOT ME! I'M A HARDHEAD - I'M THROUGH WITH ELEVATORS FOREVER!

CHEE! AND YOU'RE THE GUY THAT RAN THE EXPRESS AT GREAT AS THE EMPIRE STATE THE DAY IT OPENED! MAN, THAT WAS THE GREATEST HONOR ANY ELEVATOR OPERATOR COULD ASK FOR!

JUST THE SAME - I AM - I'M THROUGH! I'M BELLHOPPIN' IT FROM HERE ON IN!

WELL, LOOK OUT FOR MANAGER WATSON! HE'S GOT HIS EYES ON WINNING THIS YEAR'S ELEVATOR PLAYOFFS - AND WITH A TOP HAND LIKE YOU IN HIS OUTFIT - HE'LL MAKE IT TOUGH FOR YOU UNLESS YOU SIGN UP FOR AN EXPRESS CHUTE! AND IF HE DON'T GET YOU, CAPTAIN KEEPER WILL!

OLD WATSON KEEPS HIS JOB HERE BY WINNING THE ANNUAL ELEVATOR RACES - AND YOU'RE ONE OF THE BEST! HE'LL BREAK YOU IF YOU DON'T PLAY BALL!

LET 'IM TRY! I'M HARDHEADED - YOU'LL SEE!

THINK I'LL MOPE AROUND A BIT IN THE BAR BEFORE I REPORT IN!

SUIT YOURSELF, SUETT! MAN, ARE YOU HARD!

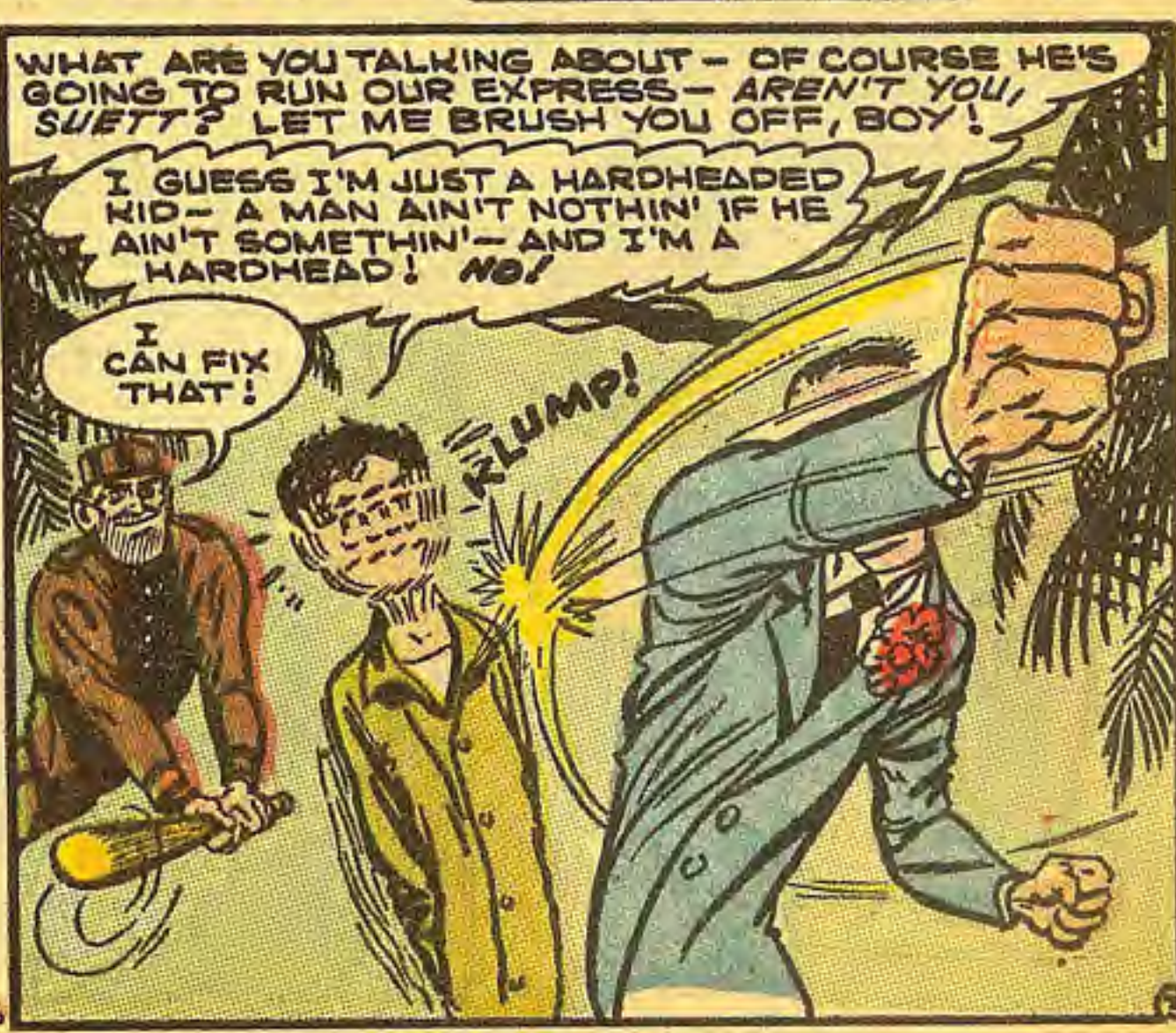
POPED PALM BAR

I'LL HAVE THREE FINGERS OF RED EYE - I WANT SOMETHING WITH A KICK TO IT!

COMING UP, BUDDY! YOU'RE NEW HERE, AIN'T YOU?

JUNGLE ROOM

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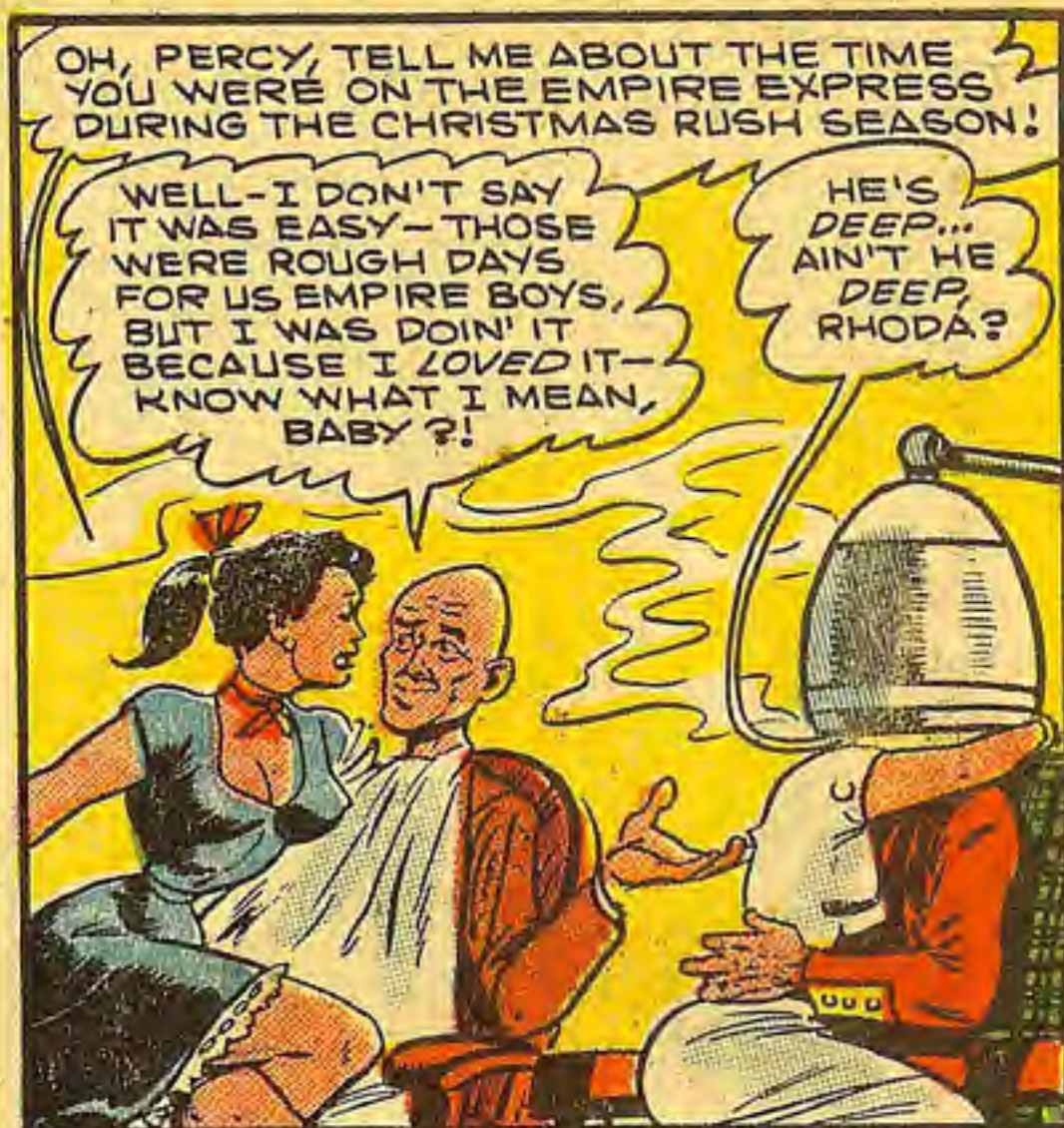
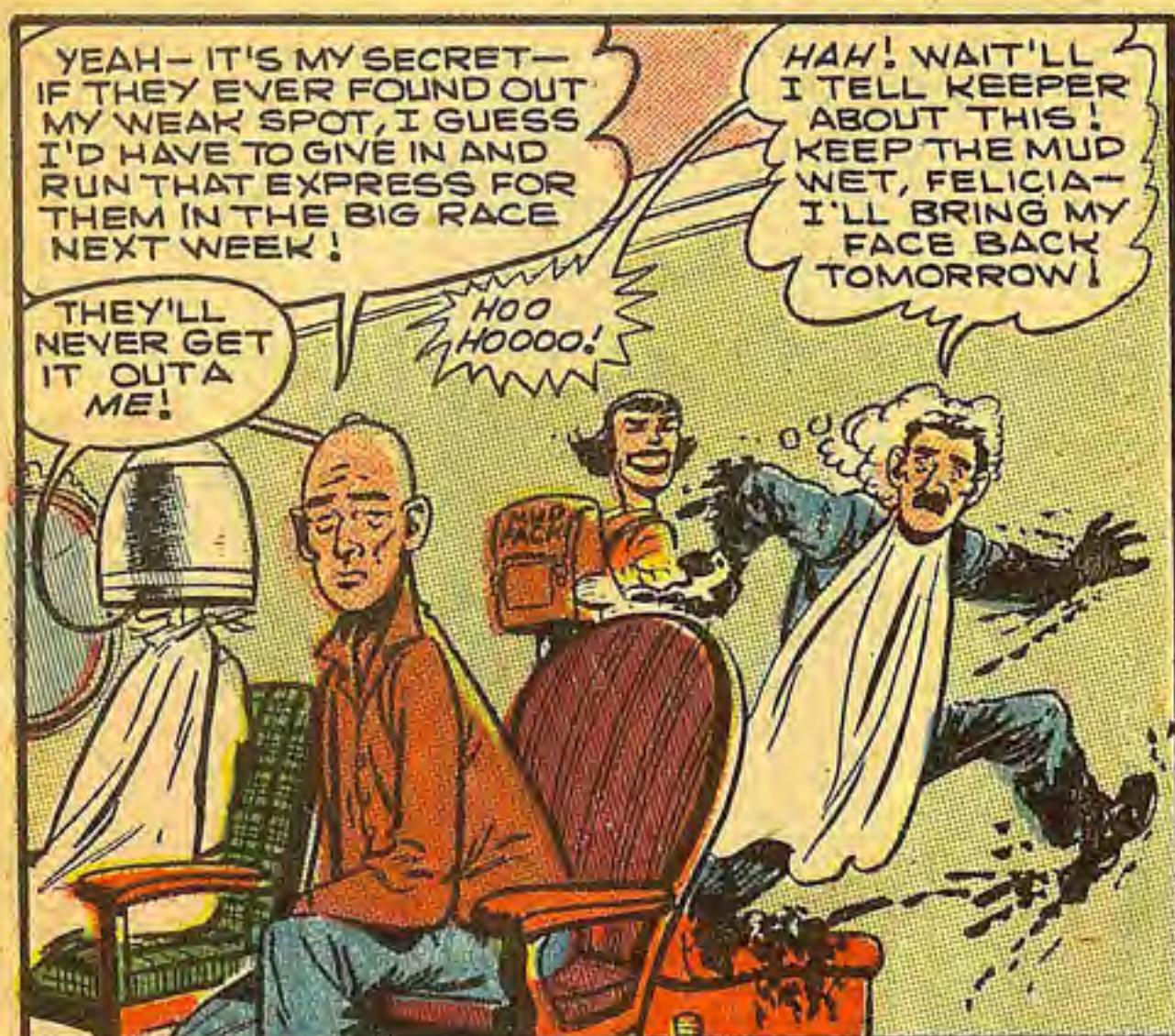
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'EH!' MAIL

You write 'em — we print 'em! Here are a few picked at random from the thousands of EH! letters we've received:

Dear Editor — You Crumb!

What's the idea of poking fun at everything? In case you haven't noticed, these are serious times. You should have better things to do with your time.

Fred Smythe
Lima, Ohio

(Ed's note: "Sure we've noticed — which is exactly why we do poke fun. We feel the Big Bomb might not go off so soon if we let off a little air! Besides, what are you sitting around reading comics for?)

* * *

Dear EH-ditor:

We love you! We love you! We love you! You have the uncanny knack of debunking our favorite pet stuffed shirts! Keep up the good work. Now how's about going to work on the phoney TV giveaway shows? We all have enough trouble without listening to and looking at them!

The Four G Club
Pittston, Penn.

(Ed's note: From where we sit, "Four G's" those poor (miserable?) giveaway guys are at present having more troubles than their contestants! We'll take a wide sweep at it, though — the best kept house can always use a little dusting!)

* * *

Dear Sirs:

The boys here in our ward have chosen your magazine our favorite publication. After we get through reading it (several times apiece) (it's twice as funny upside down!) we assign parts and read your dialogue like a play.

Edgar Silberkleit
State Mental Hospital
Kings Park, N. Y.

(Ed's note: Uh — no comment!)

Dear EH-ditor:

After enjoying the two issues of EH! I've seen, it occurs to me that this ribald "breaking of the rules", as it were, must be indicative of something — a sign of the times, perhaps?

Mrs. George Hartley
Burbank, Calif.

(Ed's note: You have a point, Mrs. Hartley, and our first reaction is to say that, like world conditions, EH! is the H-Bomb of the comics field. And when the smoke clears, again like world conditions, you will find that the comics — like nuclear power — will be more stable than ever and a definite force for the good of our nation and the world.)

* * *

Dear (EH?) ditor:

You guys must be nuts! Only jerks would read the junk you're printing. Etc., etc., etc., and (tch! tch!) etc.!

(Signed) anonymous
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Ed's note: Where did you get your information?)

Dear Sir:

This new trend in comic magazines worried me. Don't you think we have enough trouble with teen-age delinquents without adding fuel to the fire by poking fun at people and things?

Mrs. A. Graham
Houston, Texas

(Ed's note: Dear Mrs. Graham, we are in complete sympathy with your point of view. But one of the main causes of any sort of delinquency — whether teen-age or adult — is in our people taking themselves too seriously, rather than the other way around. We feel our approach in EH! is a healthy and American type of buffoonery. We have never seen a good-natured criminal type, have you? Sincerely, The EH!-ditor.)

ELMER'S TUNE

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Elmer Squiggletube was a hi-fi fan. He was the highest hi-fi fan in a rather high group of hi-fi fans, namely the High Order of the Hi-Flying Hi-Fiers. And today he was feeling the highest! For Elmer had hit a new high in hi-fi! He had actually recorded the mating call of the male Tsetse (pronounced tsee-tsee) Fly (or *Glossina morsitans*, as they say), which is several hundred decibels above the mating call of the female Tsetse, a sound which hadn't even been heard yet!

Well, as you can imagine, Elmer was beside himself with joy — as who wouldn't be. He was, you might almost say, as excited about hearing the call as a young female Tsetse! And you know how excited that is!

Elmer's high, thin voice had shrieked the news over his hi-fi ham radio set all morning (all real hi-fi fans shriek in high, thin voices), telling his hi-fi club members the good news. All were impressed, to say the least, especially when, after playing the new record over the air-waves, the brothers reported all sorts of objects had cracked or broken under the Tsetse's stinging solo.

All, as a matter of fact, was perfect — until it happened! And the fact that it took a full week to happen didn't help much when it did happen. It seems Elmer's Tsetse's plaintive plea was so pure and so realistic it got immediate response from every lady Tsetse within five-hundred miles! At first, one or two showed up, and Elmer, who knows how rare Tsetse's are same as you and I, began to feel like a miniature-sized Frank Buck. But when the others came, the eight or nine billion of them, he began to change his tune.

Well, sir (or madam, as the case might be — no offense), within three days Elmer's house resembled a jelly-coated bee hive with three resident queens! It was literally covered with the buzzing Glossinas — covered so

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EH! COMICS

thickly, in fact, it seemed a thing alive that swayed and quivered like a bowl of jello on a Pennsy dining car! Luckily, Elmer thought at first — he was safely inside — and all the screens were tight. He thought so, that is, until his supplies started to run low and some shopping was in order. Getting out, however, was out of the question. The Tsetse, it seems, in addition to having one of the highest voices, is also one of the world's nastiest stingers! Always painful, their sometimes fatal bite made Elmer think twice about sneaking out for some valient victuals.

Then, after some careful thought, it occurred to our hero that since this is a story about hi-fi, he should really ought to come up with some high type of hi-fi hi-jinx to heigh himself to a higher plane. So he did! At first he considered simpy eating some of the better grade wax platters — say the train noises and the grasshopper yells — with one of the smaller night noises in a city mortuary as dessert. But he didn't have to, in light of his brighter flight of fancy! And this was (music up, build to crescendo and sustain under following):

A. If playing the mating call of the male Tsetse attracted all these flying females.

B. Why not play the record backwards and chase them away?

C. So he did!

And the eight-and-a-half billion tsilly Tsetses dropped Elmer's house like a hot spud — their aversion to a backward male member of their group being definite and deliberate.

Only (sigh) they didn't go far enough.

The eight-and-a-half billion Tsetses, still curious, sort of hung around town to see if their boy friend was going to straighten himself out. Well, this annoyed the townspeople. In fact, it made them furious. In fact, they de-

cided to find our hero and hang him by his stubby little toes!

Elmer, meanwhile, his problems apparently solved, made out his list of tasty tidbits for a short shopping spree and headed for town. In the city square (he did notice there were a lot of flies around and made a mental note to complain to the board of health) he saw an unusually large group of people whooping it up about something. He ambled over for a look-see.

Couldn't tell what was going on from this far back, so he elbowed his way through until he was right up front! Then he heard everything (choke) and tried to elbow his way out again — only this time he was spotted!

Off with his shoes! Up with the rope! They really were going to hang this hi-fi ham high! But once again a thought came to him! (Editor's note: If it seems unusual that all our heroes get sudden thoughts like this, please understand that this is why we choose them. Our heroes have been tested by leading psychiatrists — and they choose Eh! heroes ten to one over any other leading comic heroes!) So Elmer, using his highest fidelity tone, quieted the crowd and warned them: Since he was the one who brought the dreaded Tsetses, only he could drive them away!

How?

By playing the record right again — sending it far, far away — and the Tsetses would naturally follow!

Well, it worked, and the town is well rid of Tsetse flies. The poor devils have been on the move ever since after the never-ending, never resting hi-fi player.

And Elmer? Oh — we almost forgot! He's the one who's carrying the record player. We always said that boy would go far!

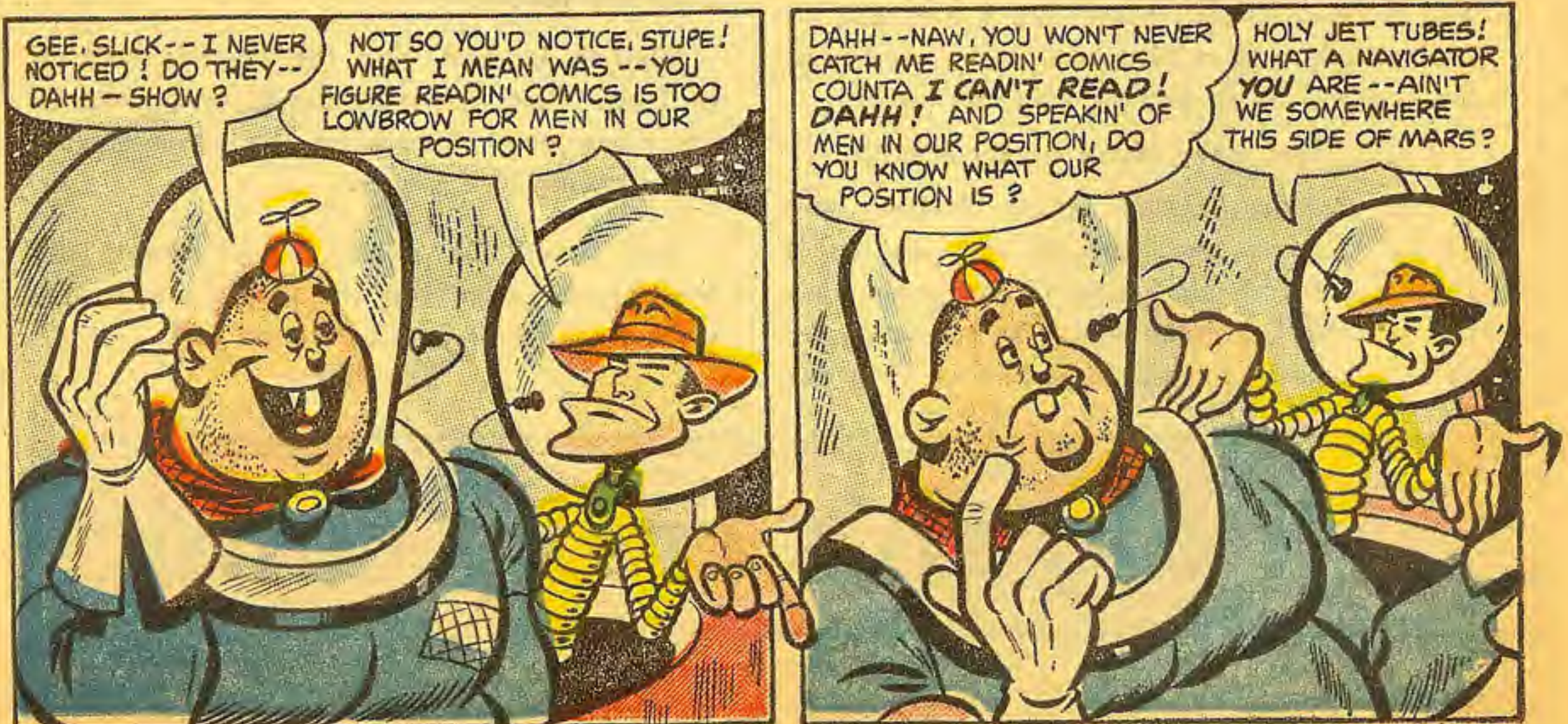
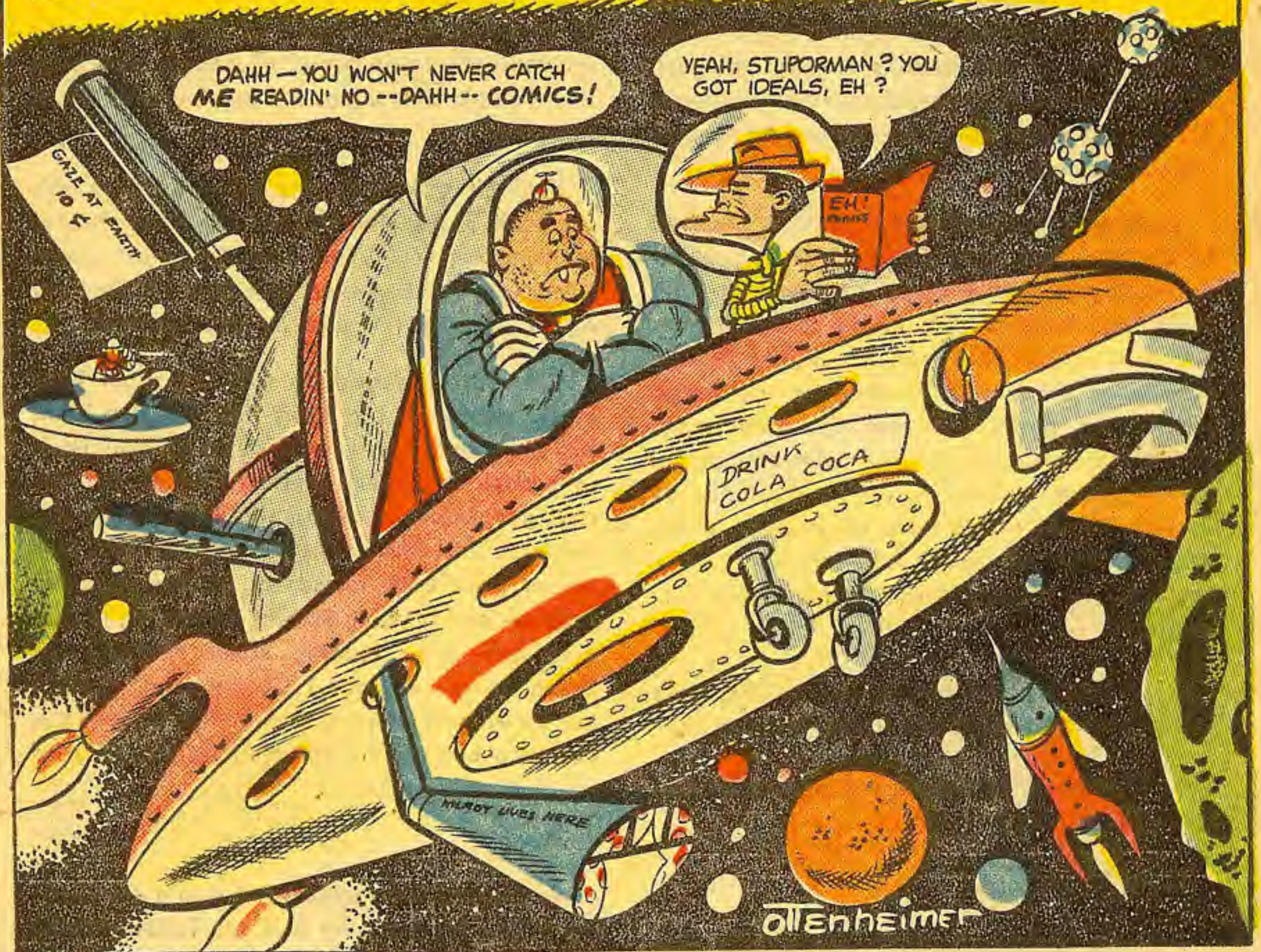
The End

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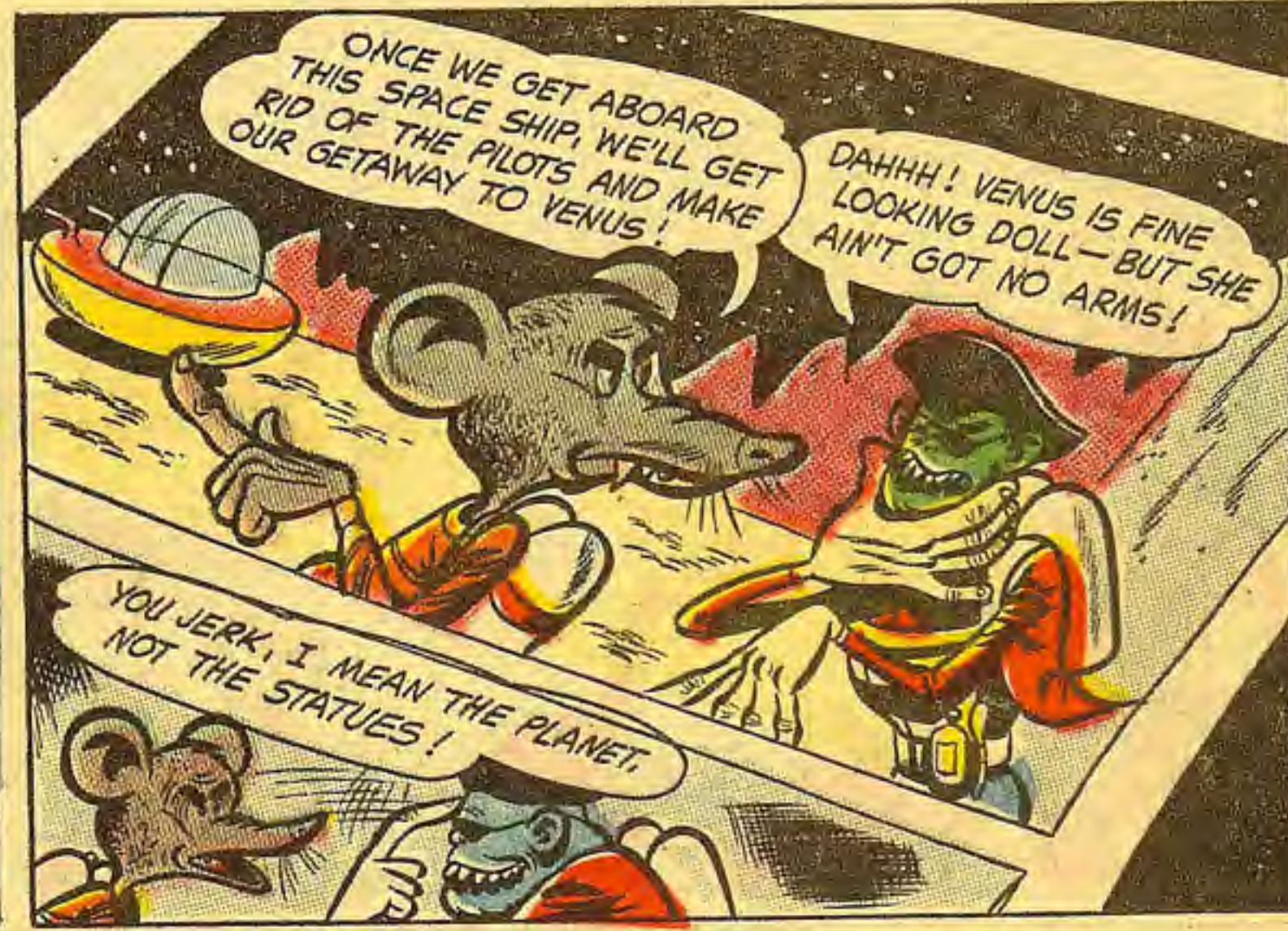
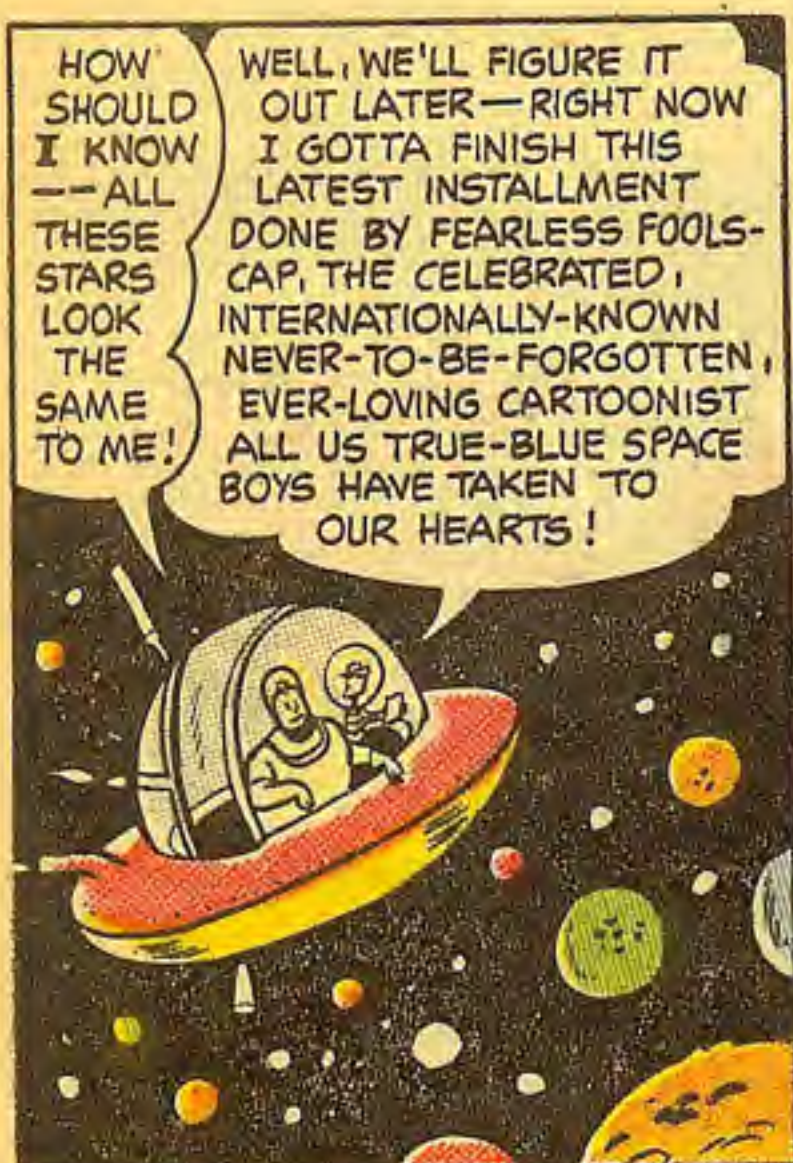
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GENTLE READER (EH!) -- THERE HAVE BEEN MANY SATIRICAL TAKE-OFFS OF ONE COMIC STRIP BY ANOTHER, SO MANY THAT THE GENERAL BURLESQUE HAS BECOME A SORT OF COMIC-STRIP TEASE. THIS, THEN, IS AN ATTEMPT TO END IT ALL (OR CARRY IT STILL FURTHER) BY BEING A TAKE-OFF OF A TAKE-OFF OF A TAKE-OFF! FEATURING ...

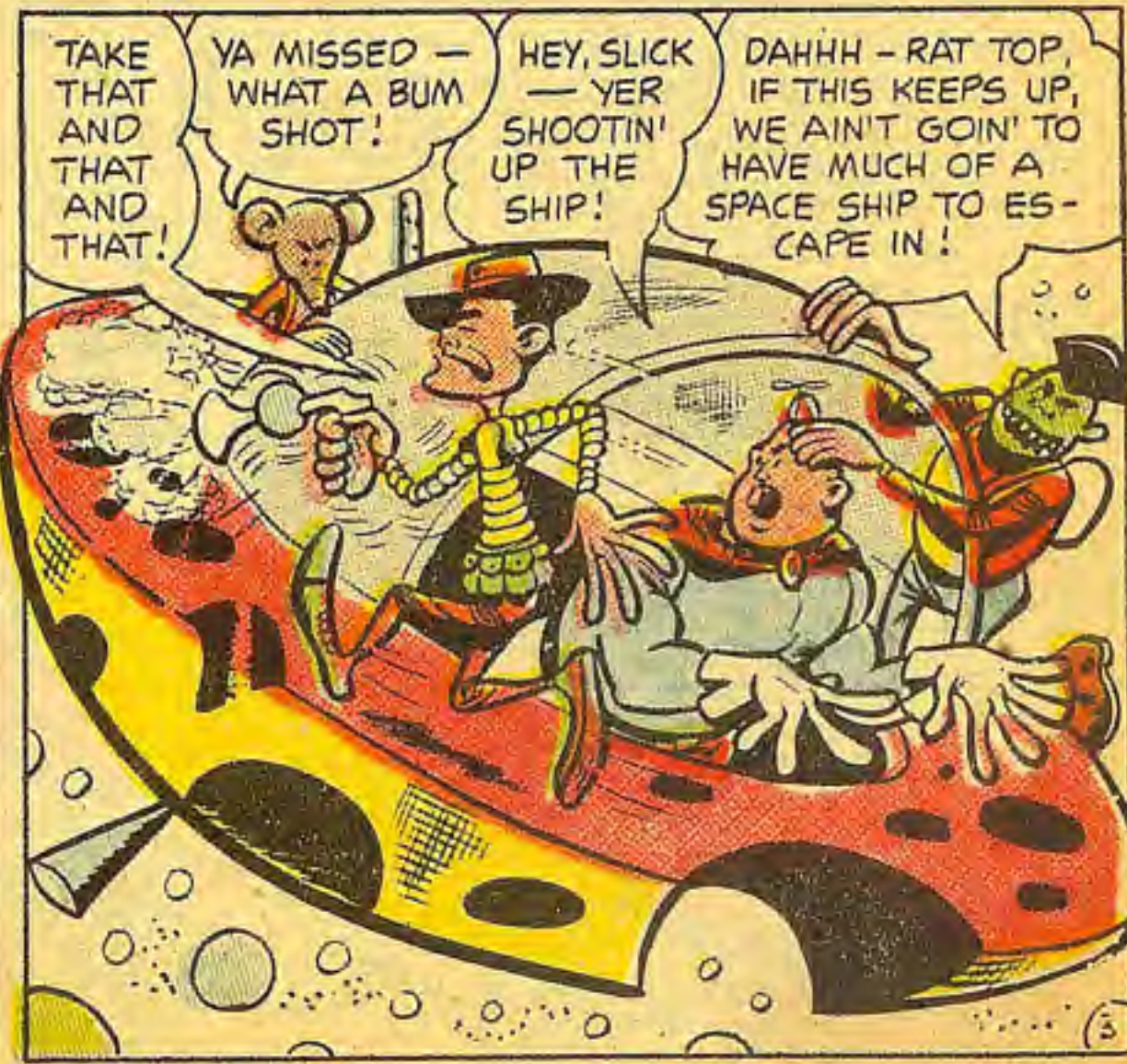
SLICK SPACEY in the 4th Dimension



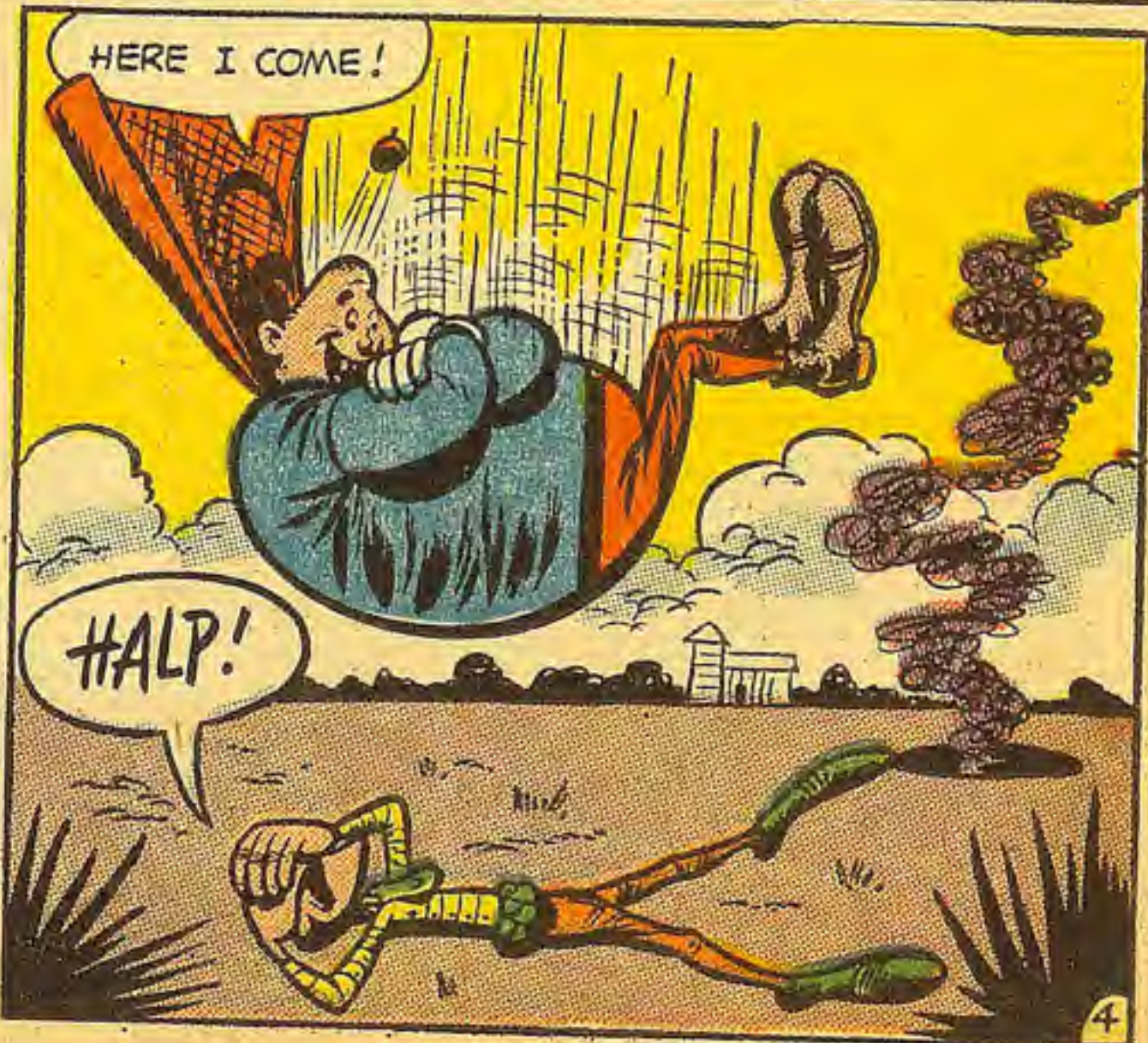
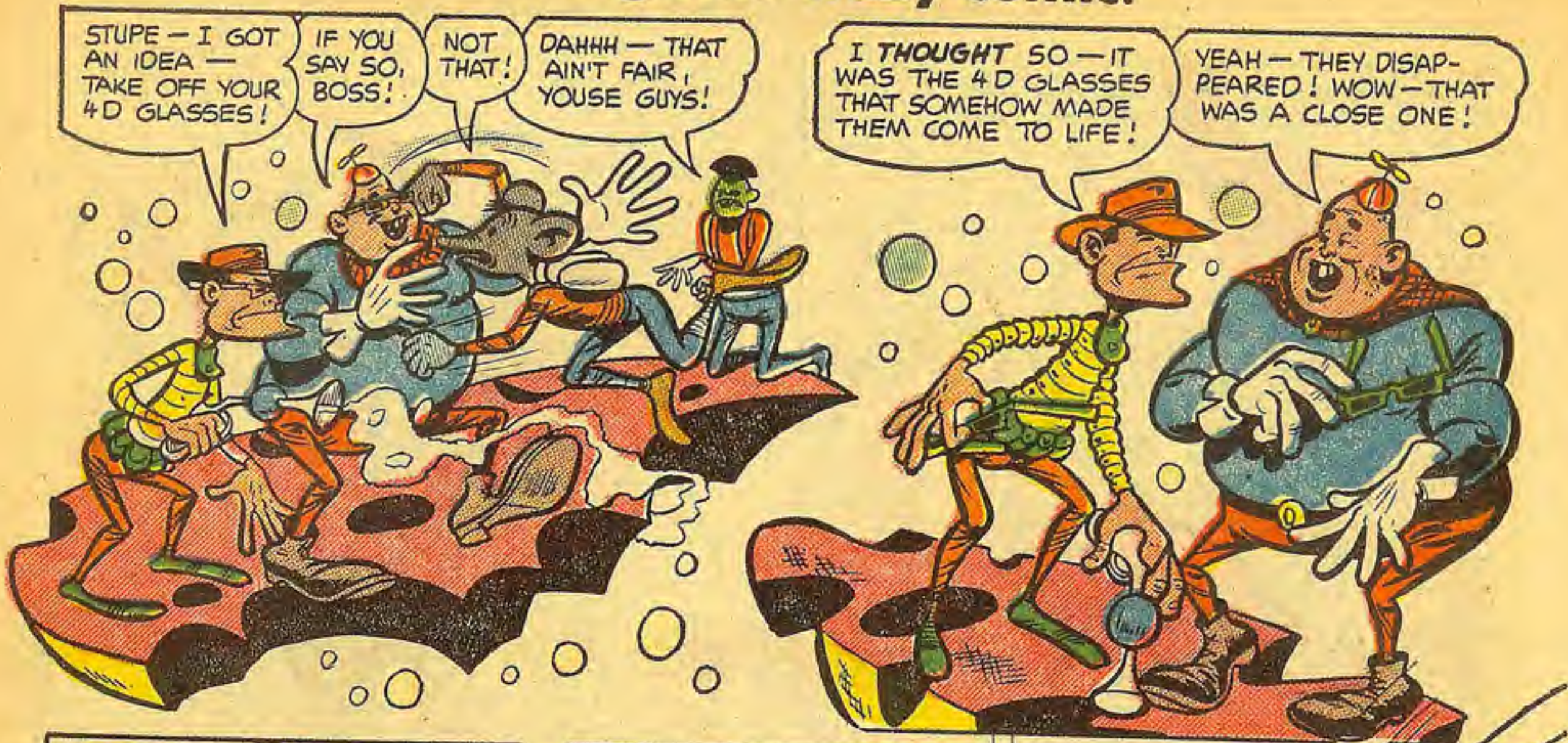
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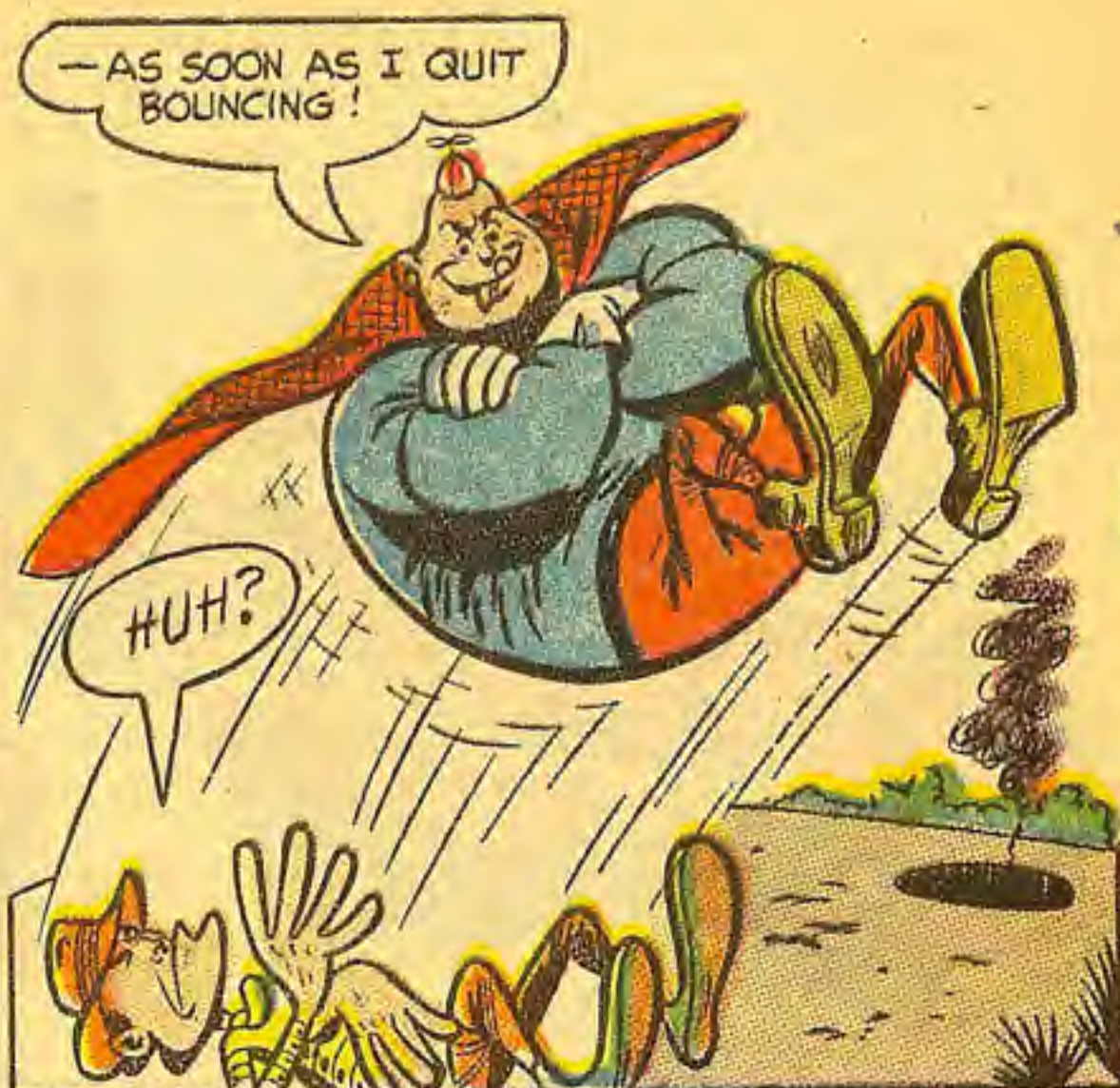
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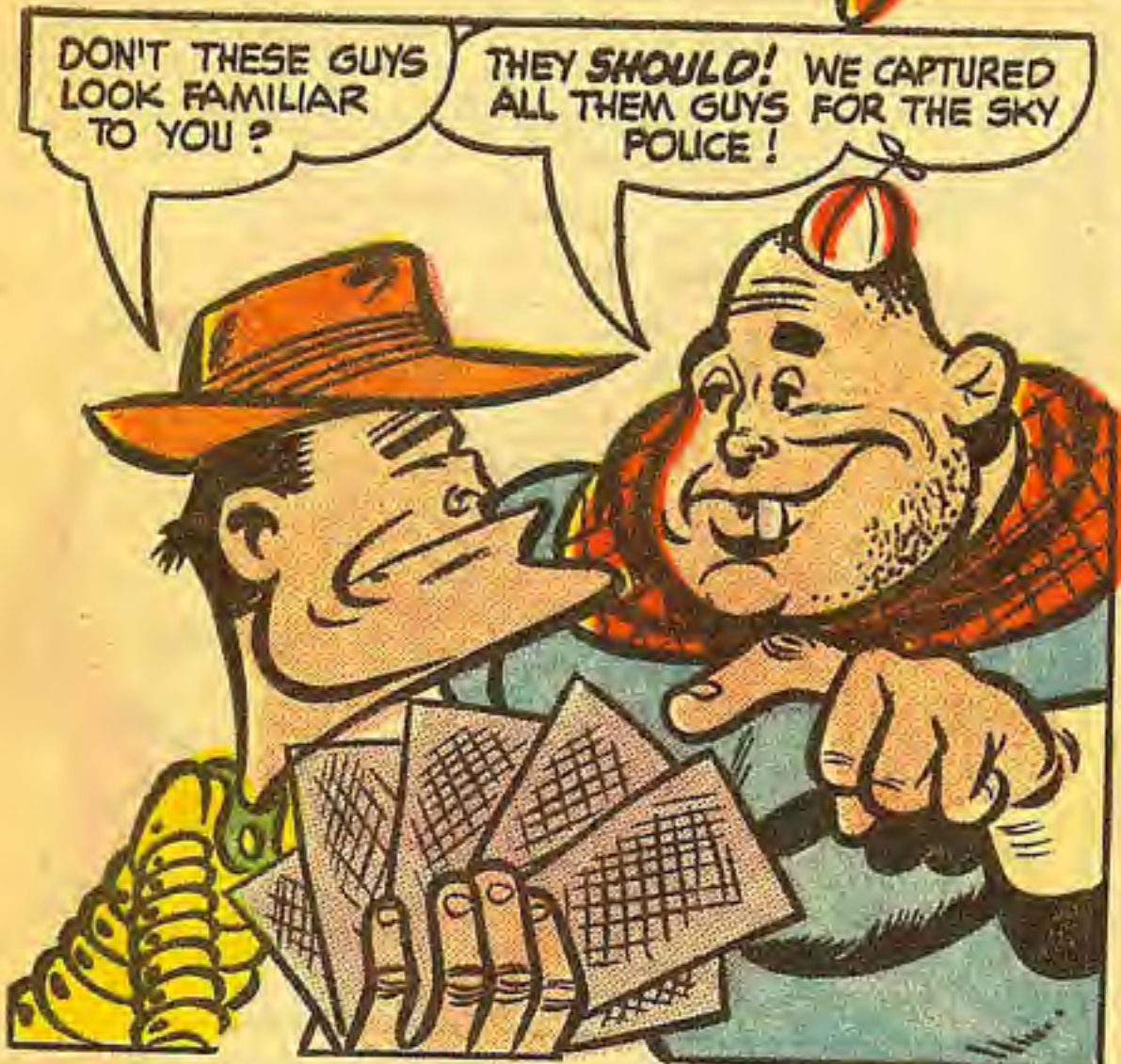
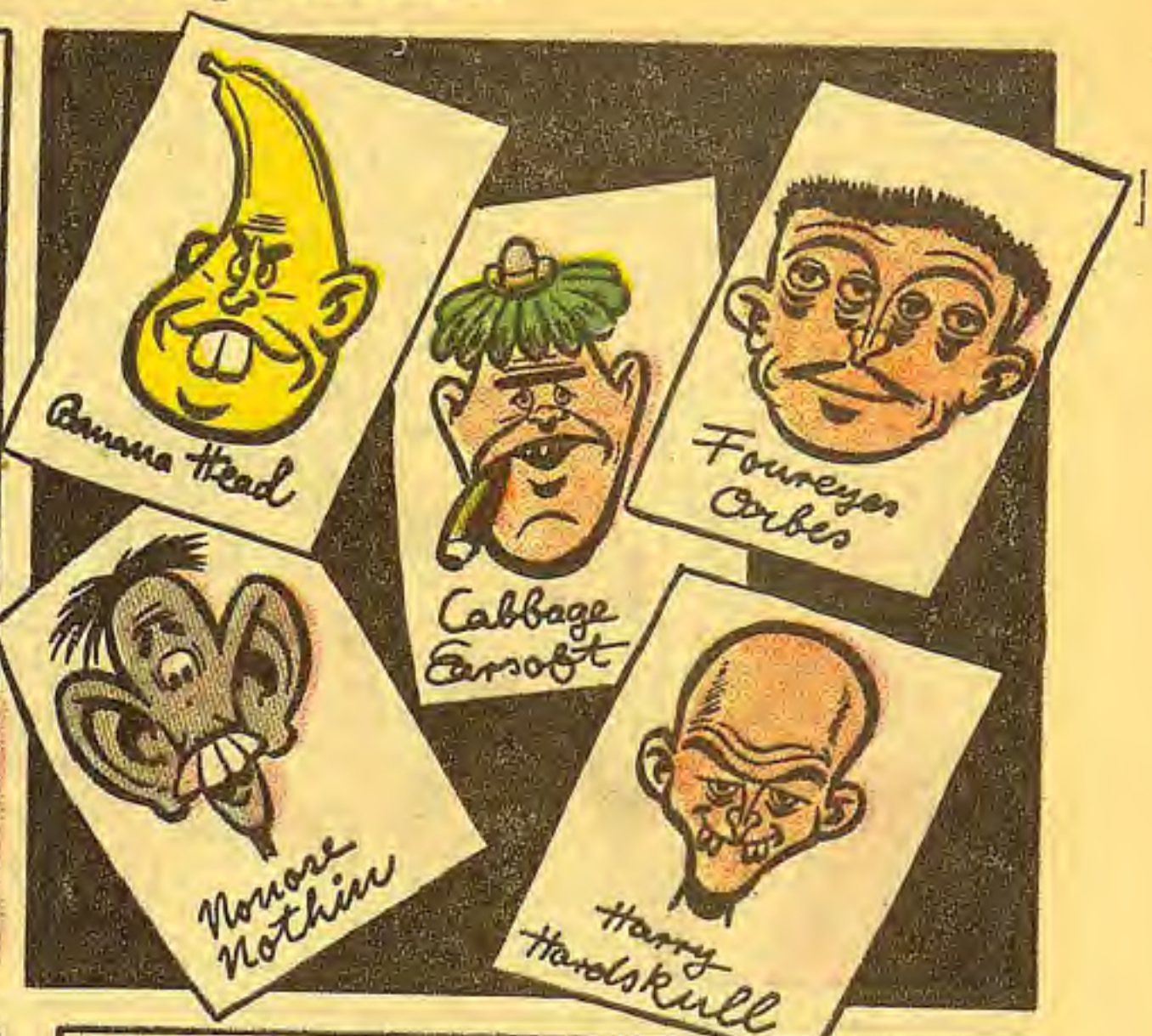
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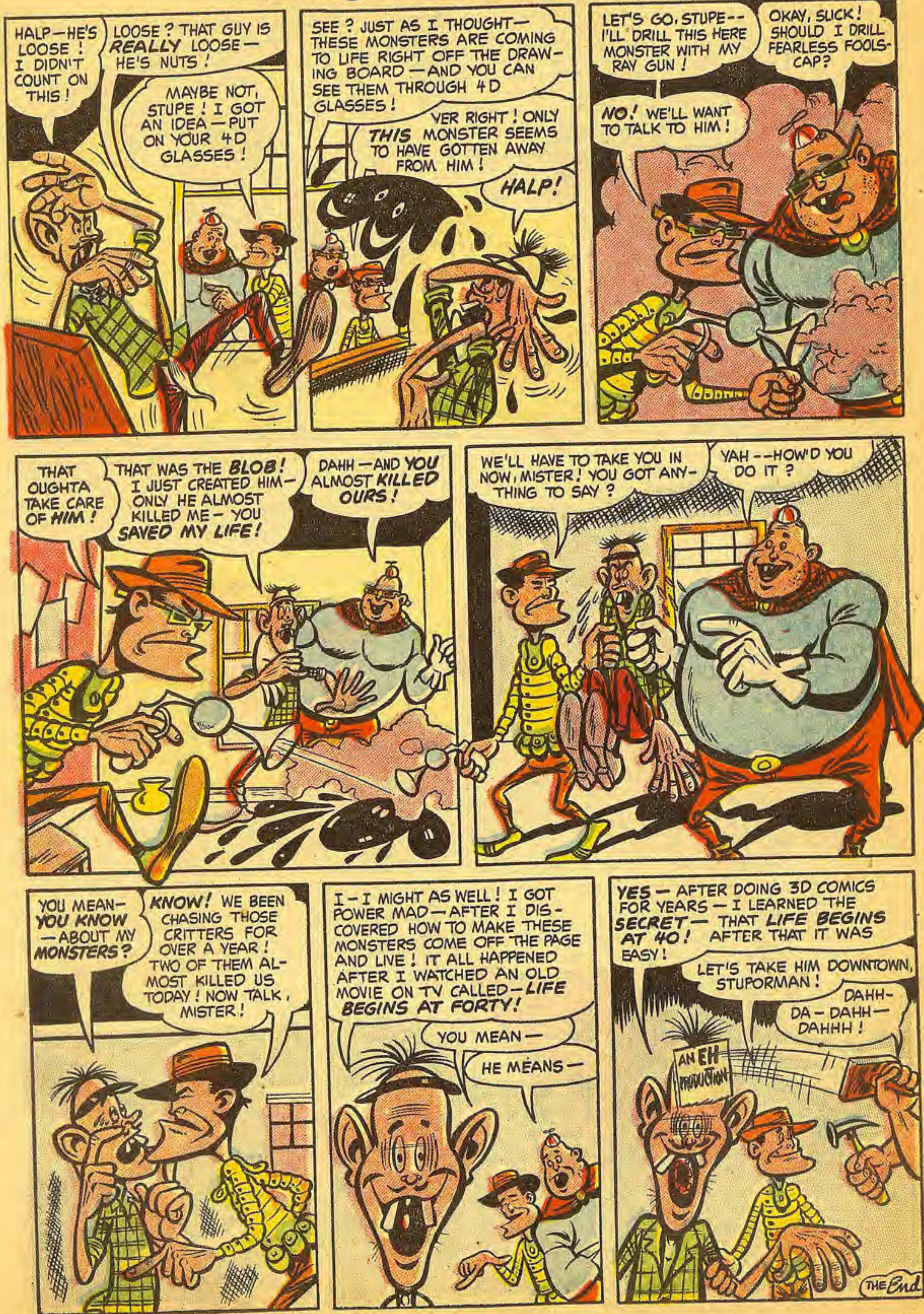
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MAVERICK LIMERICKS

HERE'S A COLLECTION OF CLASSIC LIMERICKS -- YOU PROBABLY HAVE HEARD THEM IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER -- PROBABLY ANOTHER! THERE ARE ALSO SOME YOU PROBABLY NEVER HEARD IN ANY FORM, AND WHICH WE RECOMMEND FOR READING ON ONE OF YOUR IMAGINATIVE DAYS. YOU MIGHT SHOCK YOUR FRIENDS BY CHANGING A WORD OR TWO -- OR PLEASE YOUR OLD-MAID AUNT BY KEEPING THEM TAME.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM ADAIRE
WHO WAS KISSING HIS GIRL ON A STAIR,
THE BANNISTER CRACKED
BUT WITH ONE MIGHTY SMACK
HE FINISHED THE KISS IN MID-AIR!



THERE WAS ONCE A SULTAN FROM GATES
WHO DID A FANDANGO ON SKATES,
THOUGH HE SLIPPED ON HIS SWORD
HE SAID NOT A WORD
BUT HAS SPENT FEWER NIGHTS OUT ON DATES.



THERE ONCE WAS A FELLOW FROM LEEDS,
WHO SWALLOWED A PACKAGE OF SEEDS,
THE BUSHES AND TREES
GROW OUT OF HIS KNEES
WHILE HIS HEAD WAS ALL COVERED WITH WEEDS.



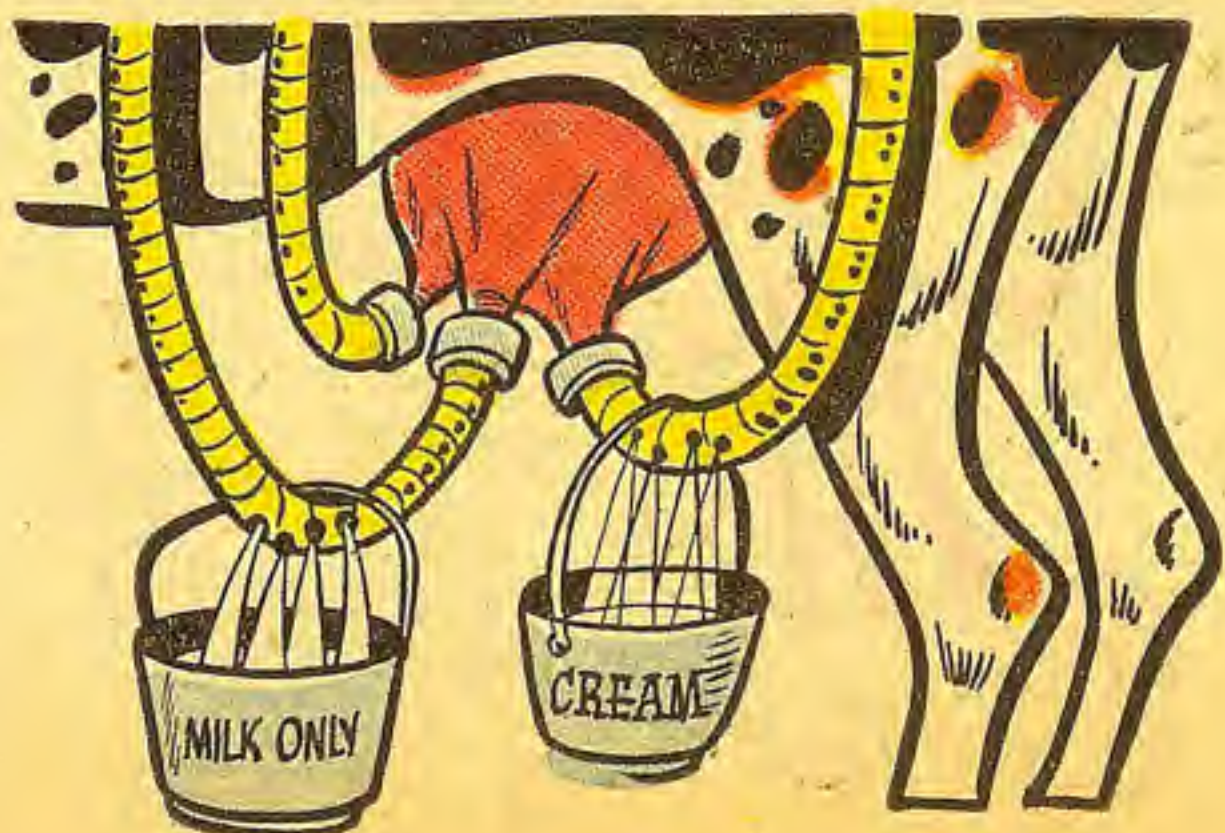
THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM KENT
WHOSE NOSE WAS SO LONG THAT IT BENT
BUT WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE
HE'D FOLD IT UP DOUBLE
AND WALK BACKWARD WHEREVER HE WENT.



THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN FROM ST. AISES,
WHOSE EYES WERE OF TWO DIFFERENT SIZES,
ONE WAS SO SMALL
IT WAS NO EYE AT ALL
WHILE THE OTHER BIG BIMBO WON PRIZES!

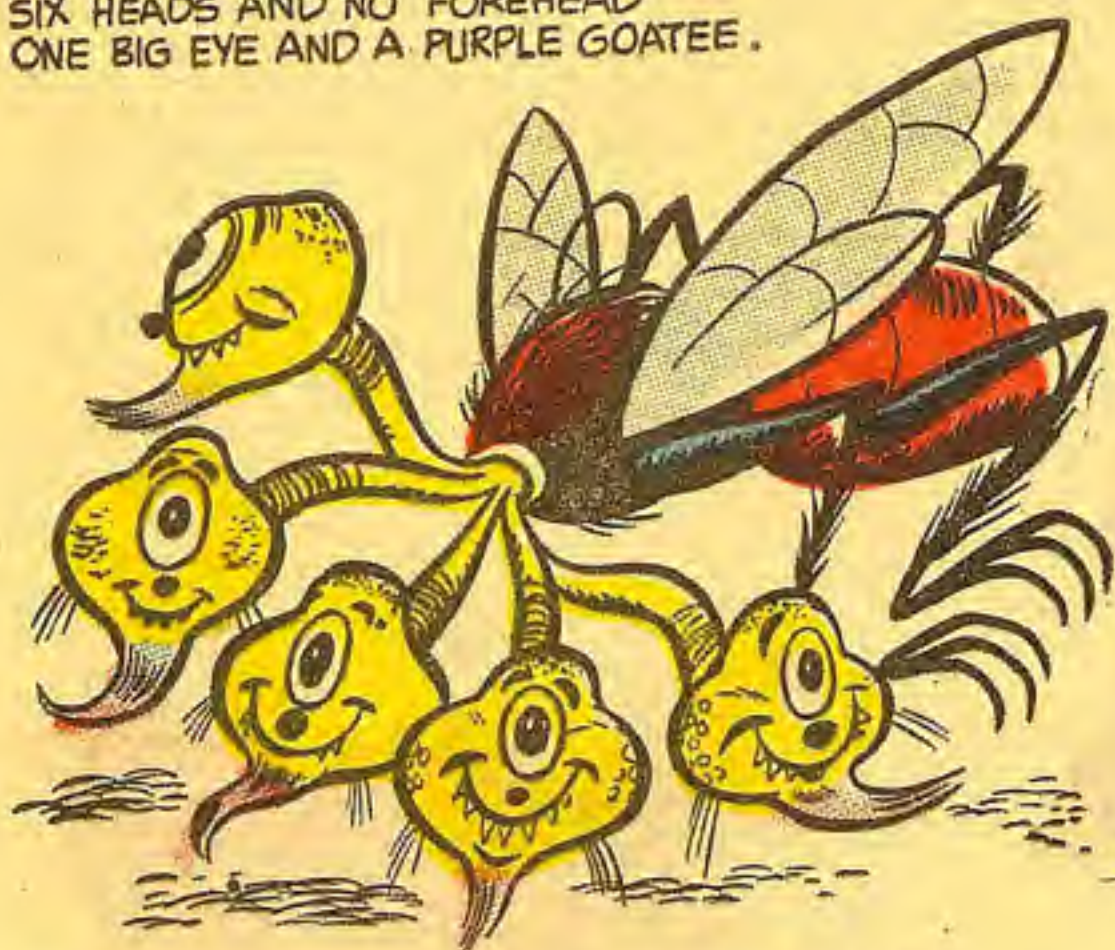


THERE WAS A MAN FROM RACINE
WHO INVENTED A MILKING MACHINE,
IT COULD MILK COWS OR GOATS
WHILE FEEDING THEM OATS
AND A PAIL HUNG BELOW FOR THE CREAM.

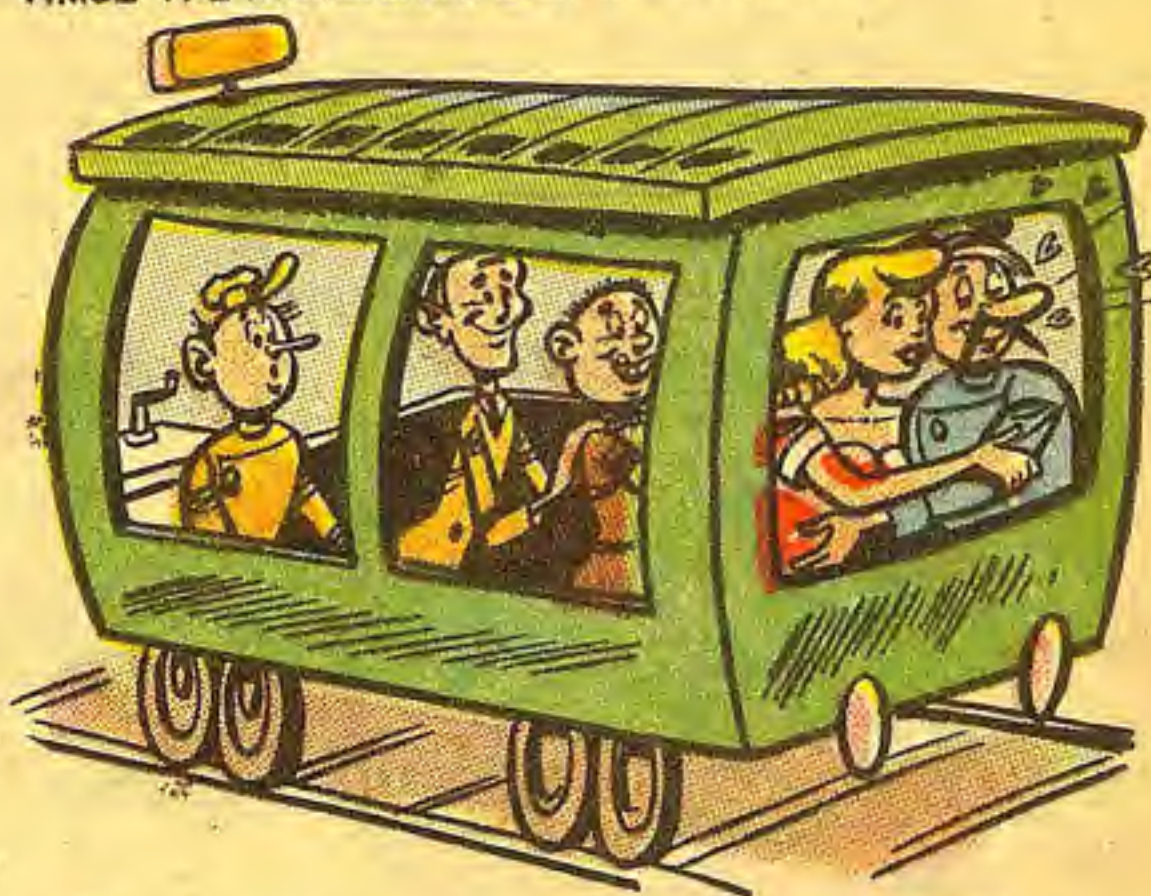


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THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM DUNDEE,
WHO TRIED CROSSING A FLY WITH A FLEA,
THE RESULTS WERE MOST HORRID
SIX HEADS AND NO FOREHEAD
ONE BIG EYE AND A PURPLE GOATEE.



THERE ONCE WAS A BEAUTY FROM FRANCE
WHO RODE ON A TROLLEY BY CHANCE,
THE PASSENGERS HUGGED HER,
SO DID THE CONDUCTOR,
WHILE THE MOTORMAN SAT IN A TRANCE.



THERE ONCE WAS A COUPLE NAMED RAND,
WHO WENT THROUGH LIFE HAND IN HAND,
THEY ONCE, IN THEIR HASTE,
USED 'LIBRARY PASTE
INSTEAD OF HINDS' CREAM ON THE STAND.



A YOUNG TENNIS CHAMP NAMED MISS SEATON,
WHO LIVED IN A CASTLE NEAR EATON,
HAD THE HALLS AND THE WALLS
BESTREWN WITH THE BALLS
AND THE RACQUETS OF THOSE SHE HAD BEATEN!



ONCE A YOUNG CHESSMAN NAMED BLOOM,
TOOK A BRIDGE PLAYER UP TO HIS ROOM,
THEY ARGUED ALL NIGHT
AS TO WHO HAD THE RIGHT
TO PLAY WHAT AND WITH WHAT AND TO WHOM.



THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM SPARTA,
WHO COULD PLAY ANY TUNE ON HER GARTER,
SHE COULD SNAP ANYTHING
FROM "GOD SAVE THE KING"
TO BEETHOVEN'S "MOONLIGHT SONATA!"



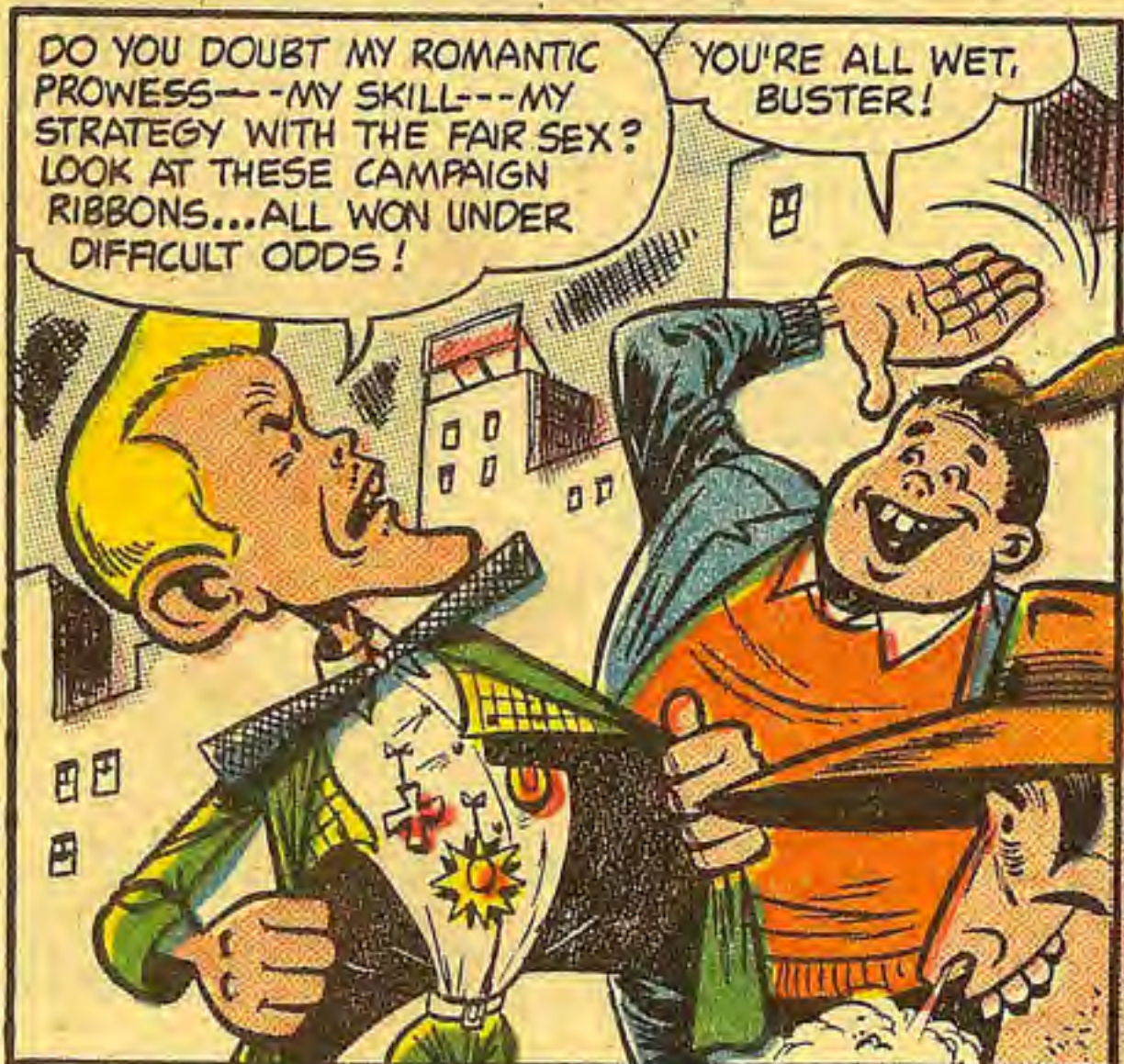
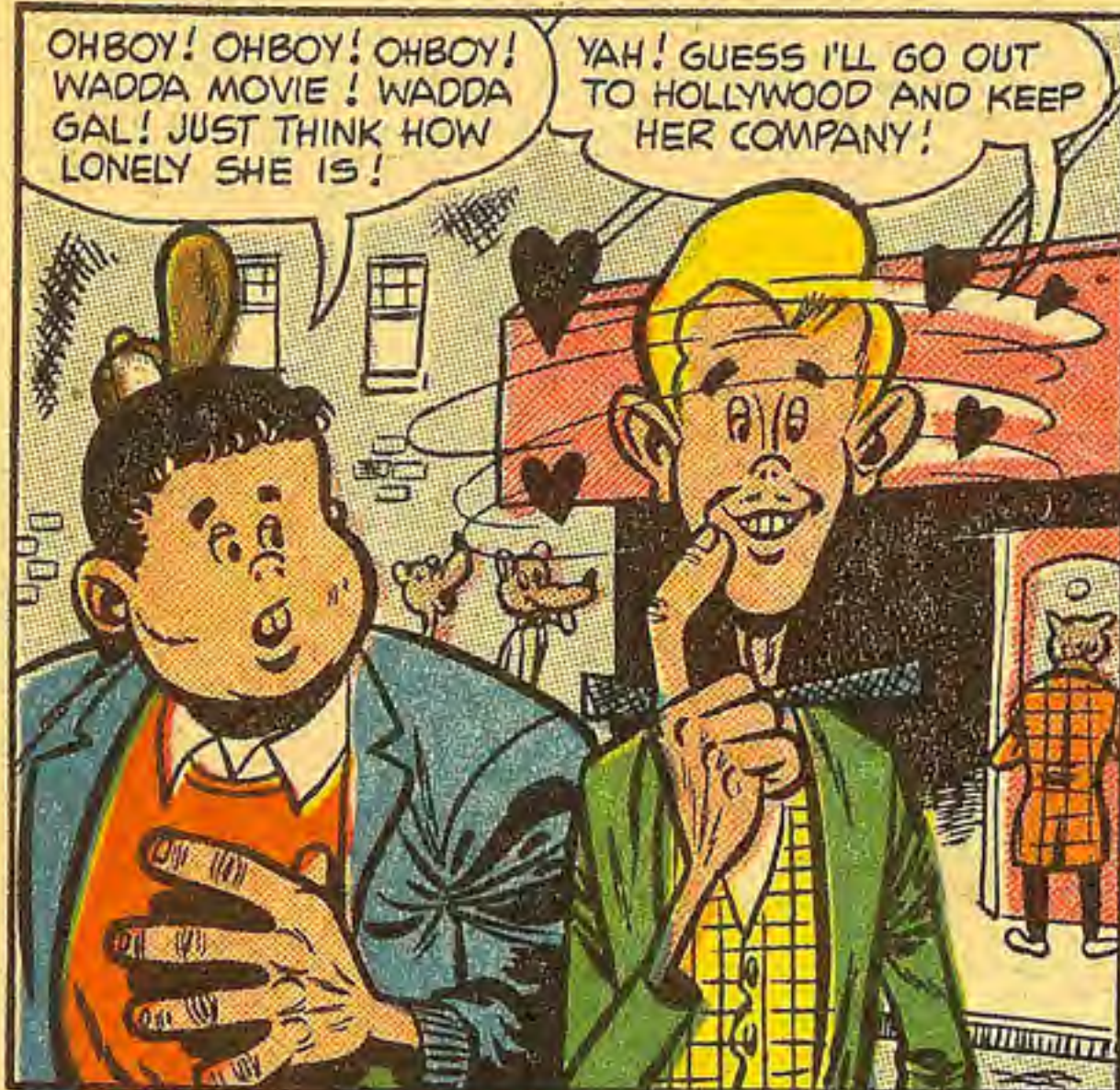
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HOLLYWOOD AND TECHNICOLOR PICTURE DEPT.: MANY MILLIONS OF OUR YOUNG MEN ARE ENAMORED DAILY WITH THE DOZENS OF DAMP DAMSELS WHO DECORATE OUR SCREENS IN ONE GUISE OR ANOTHER AS DRAMATIC ACTRESSES. SUCH A TIDBIT WAS **HESTER CHADWICK**-- AND **ELMER DIMWITIE**, OUR HERO, SET OUT TO WIN HER. WHAT HAPPENS IS OUR VERSION OF ROMANCE, U.S.A... READ ON, FOR...

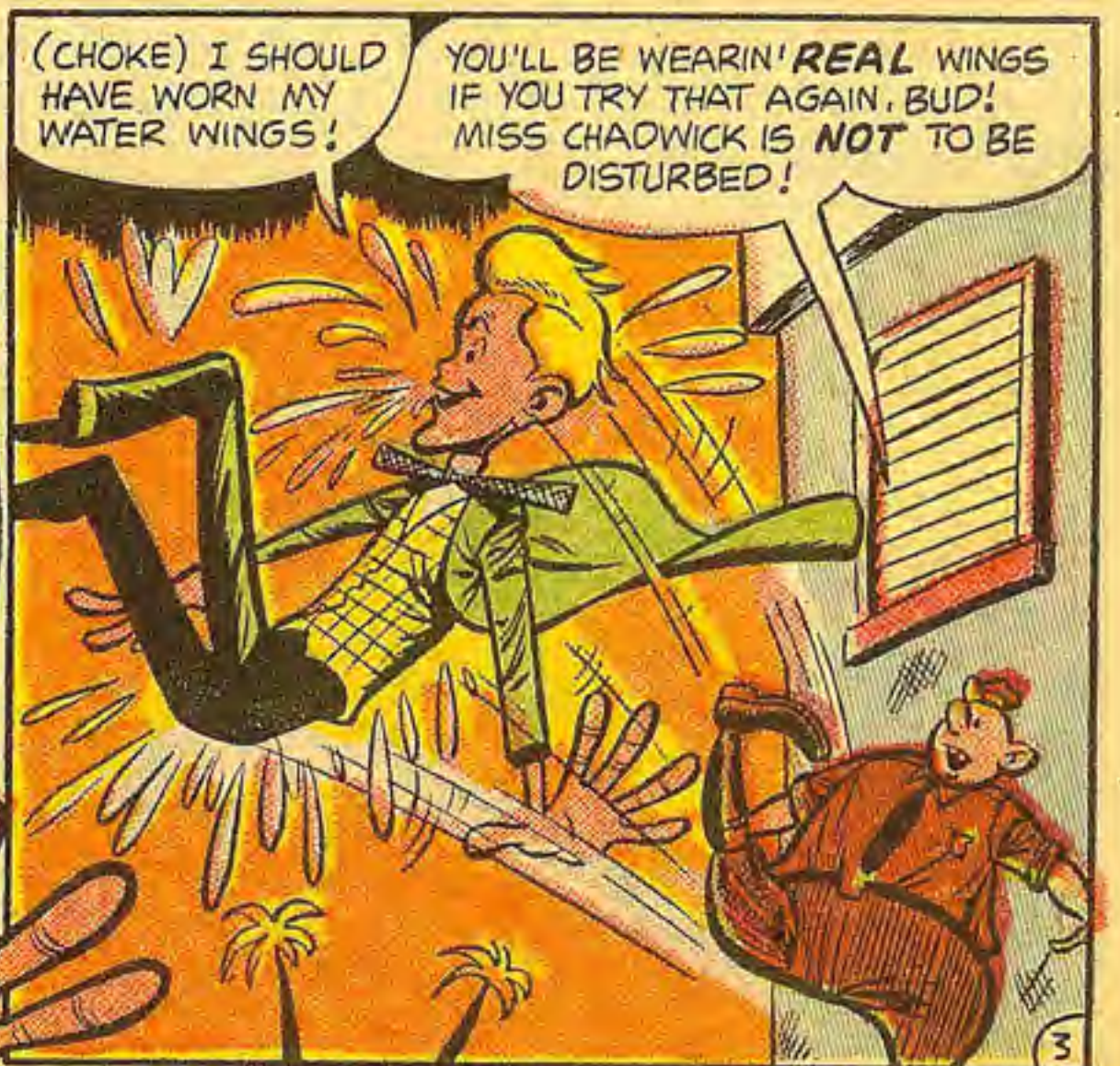
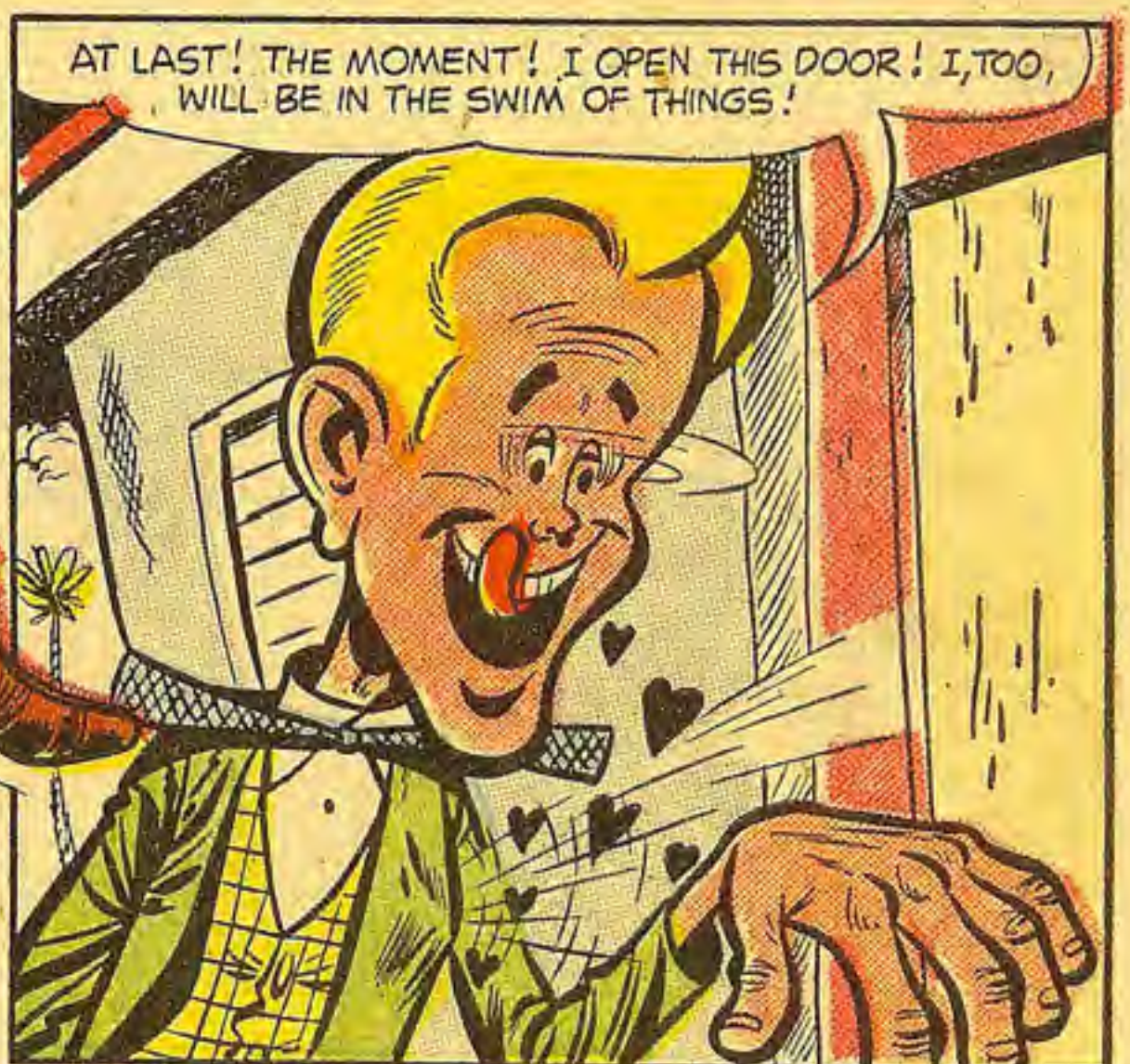
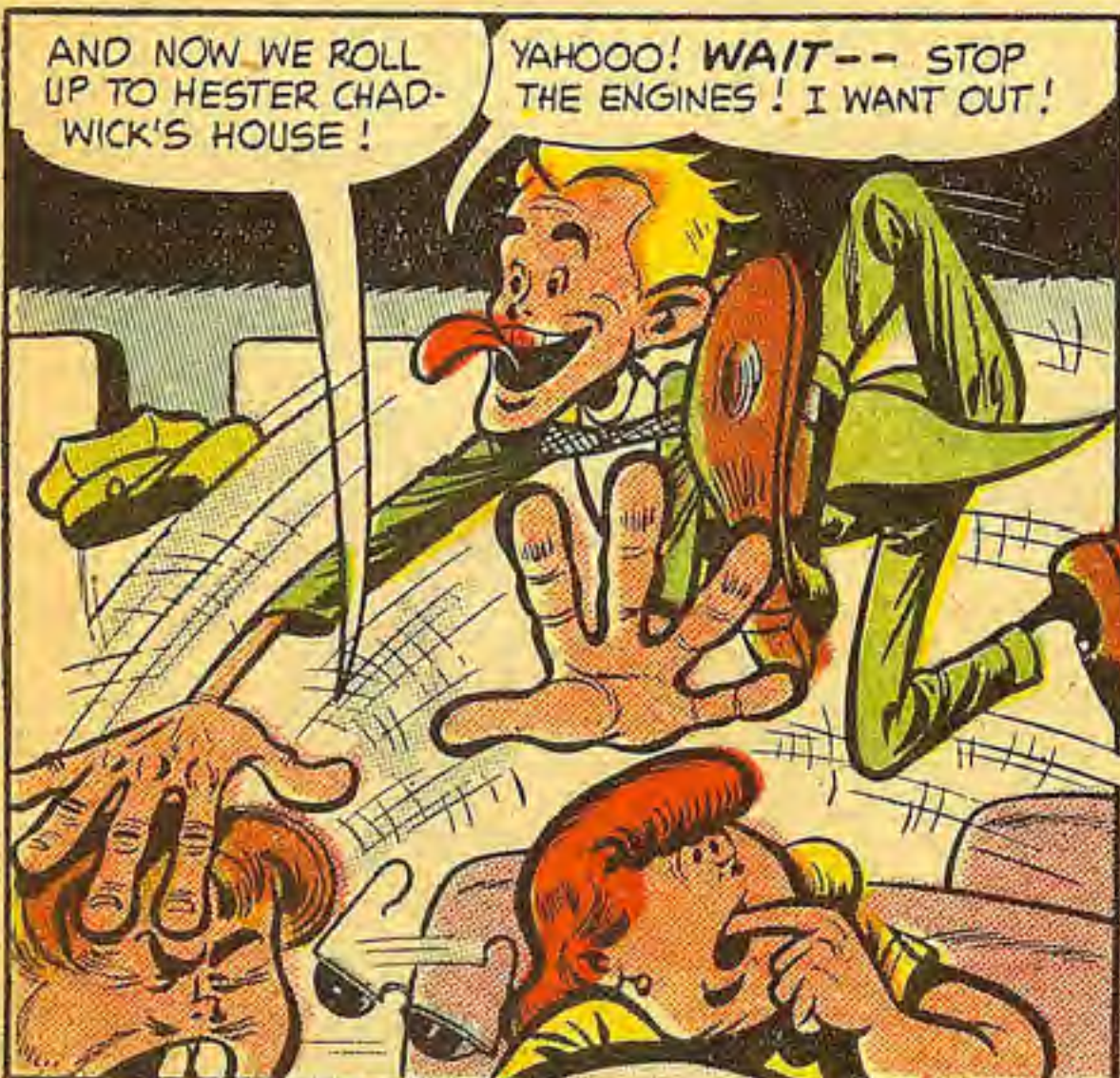
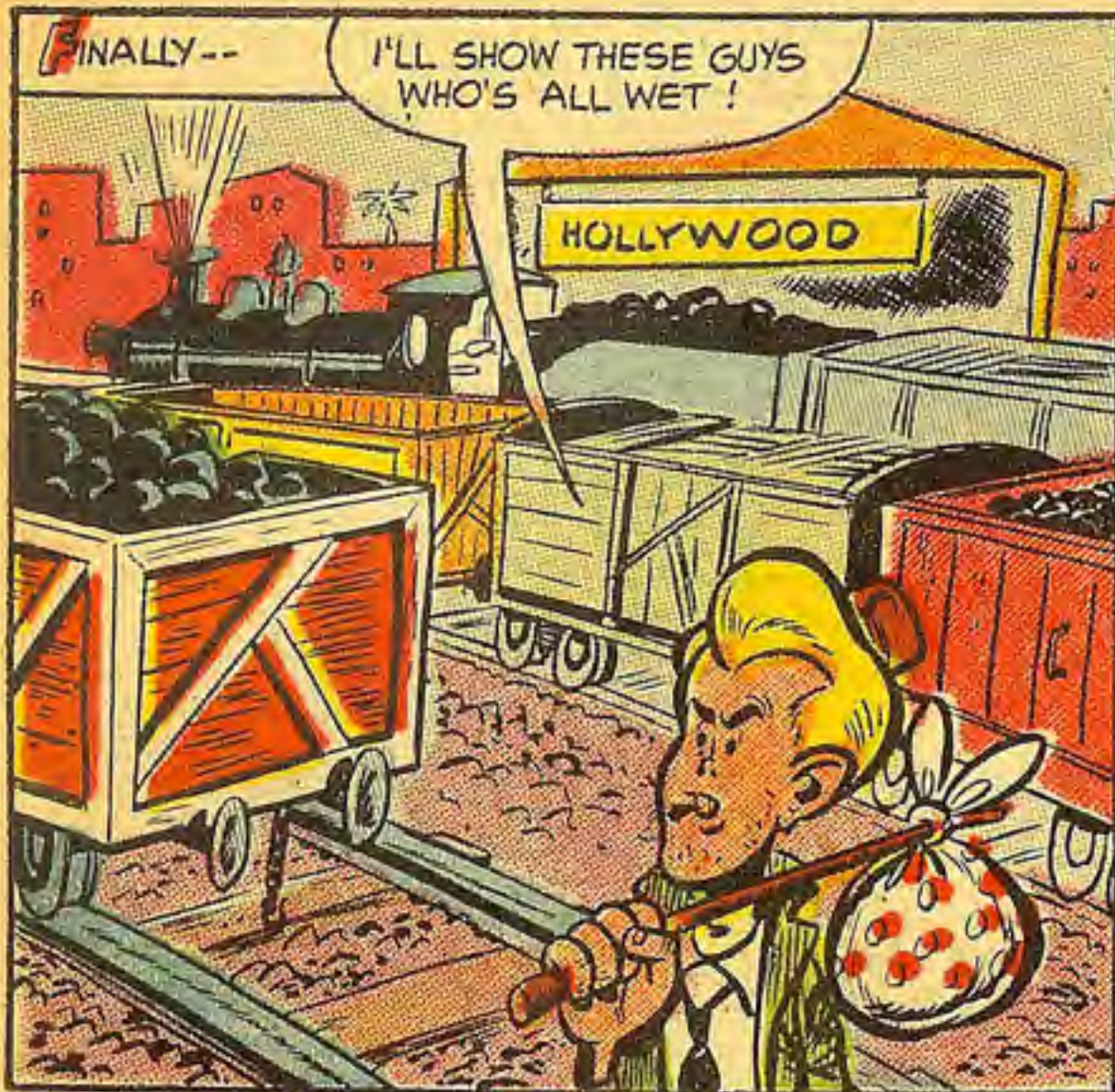
UNDERWATER AGENT



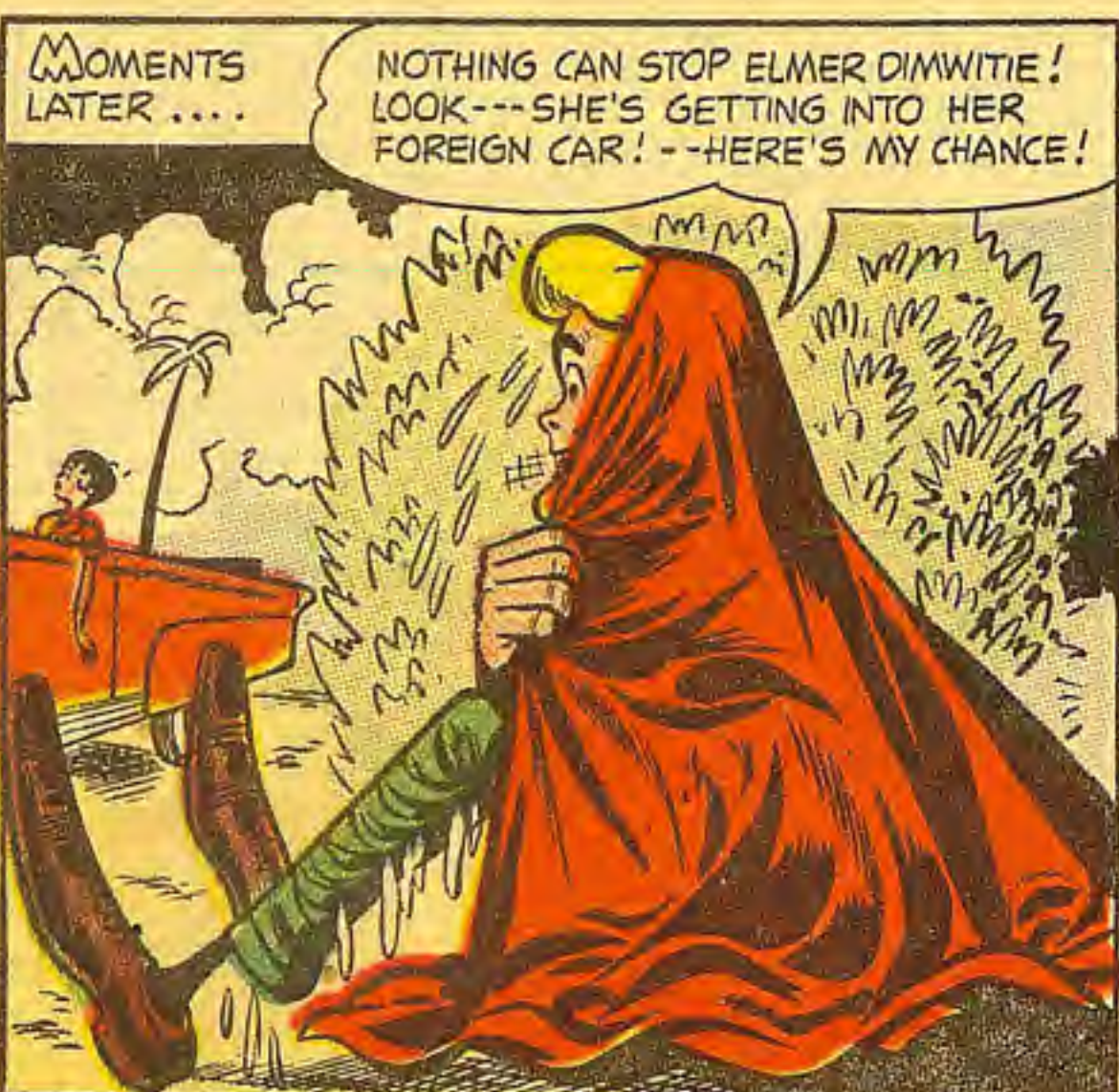
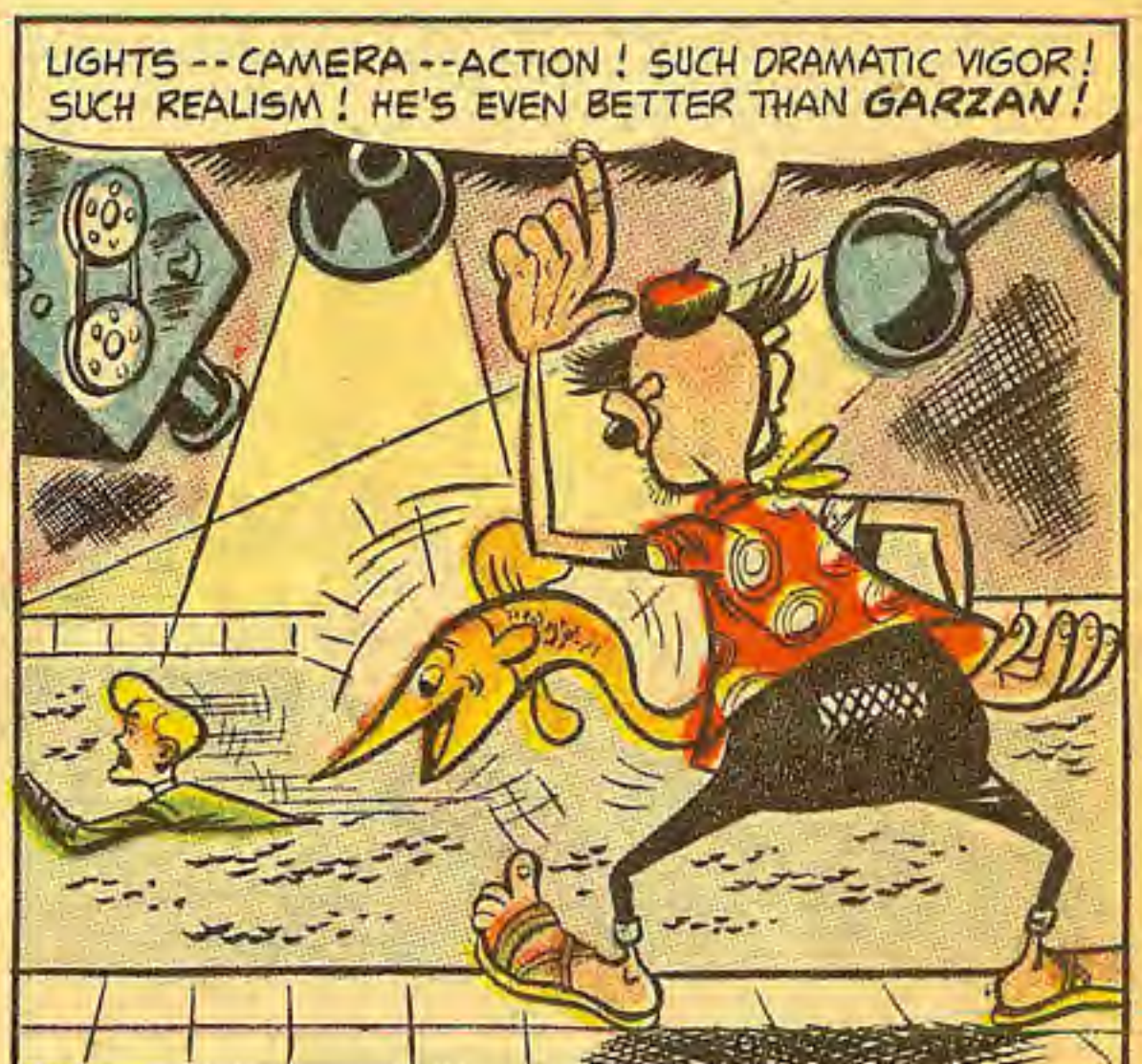
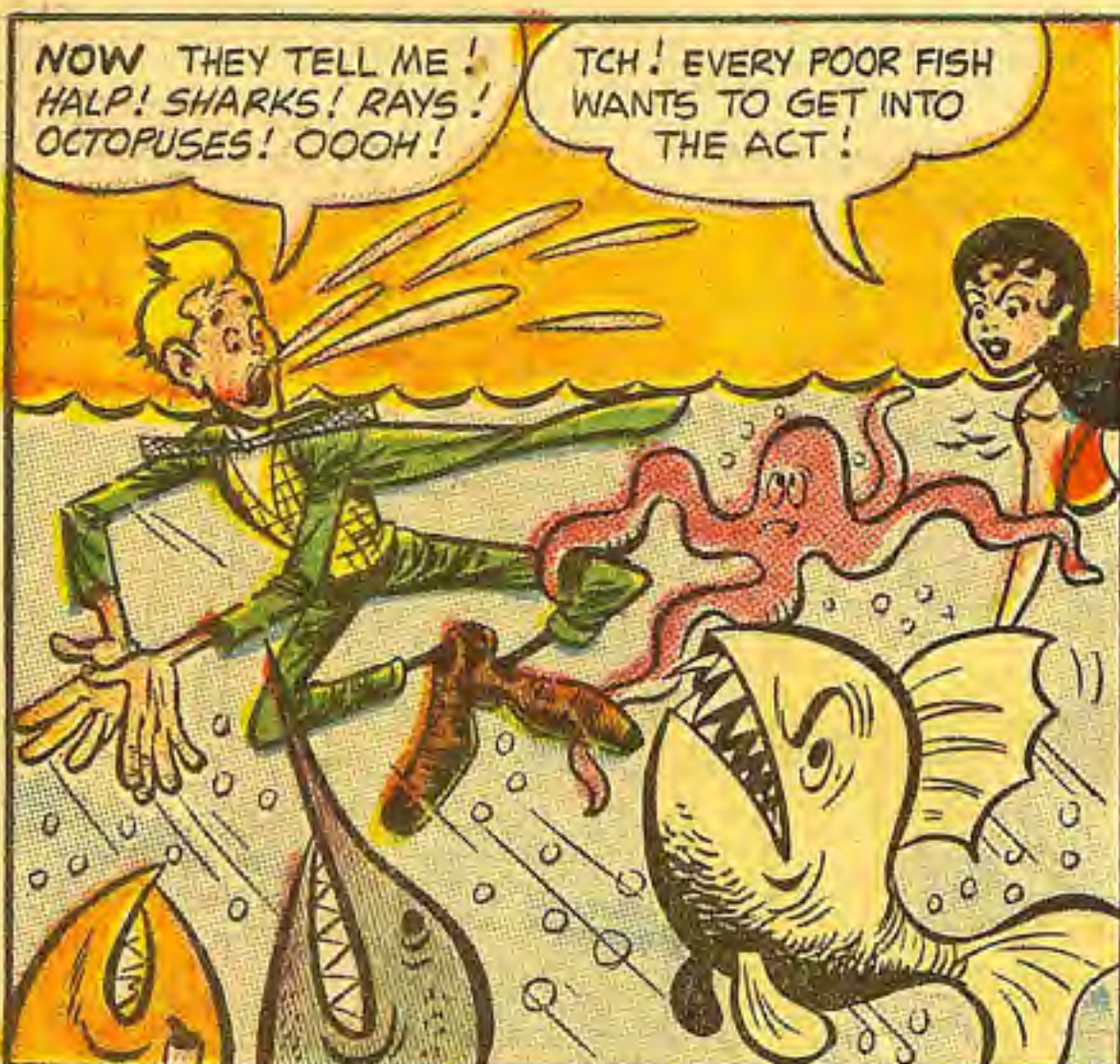
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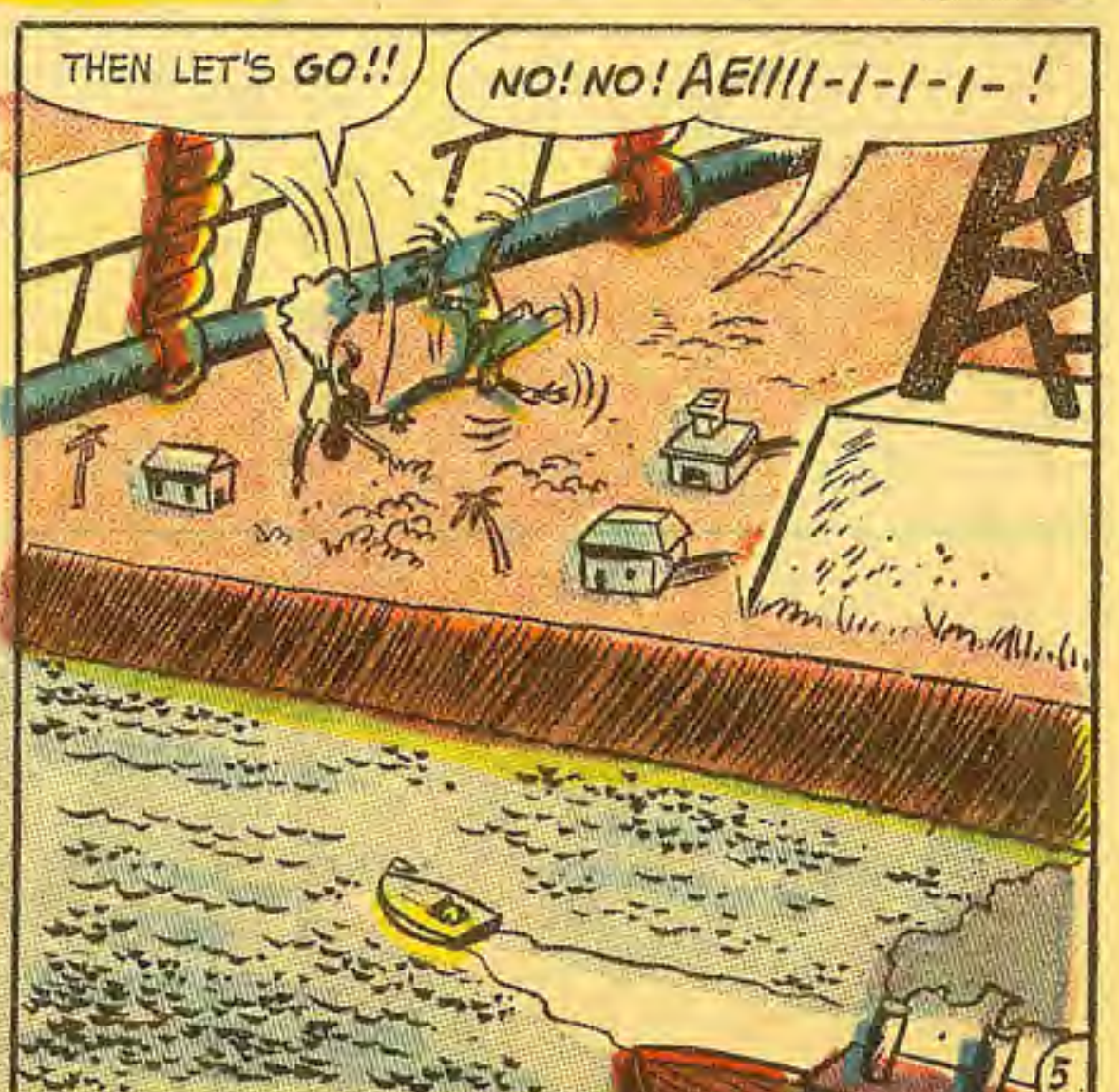
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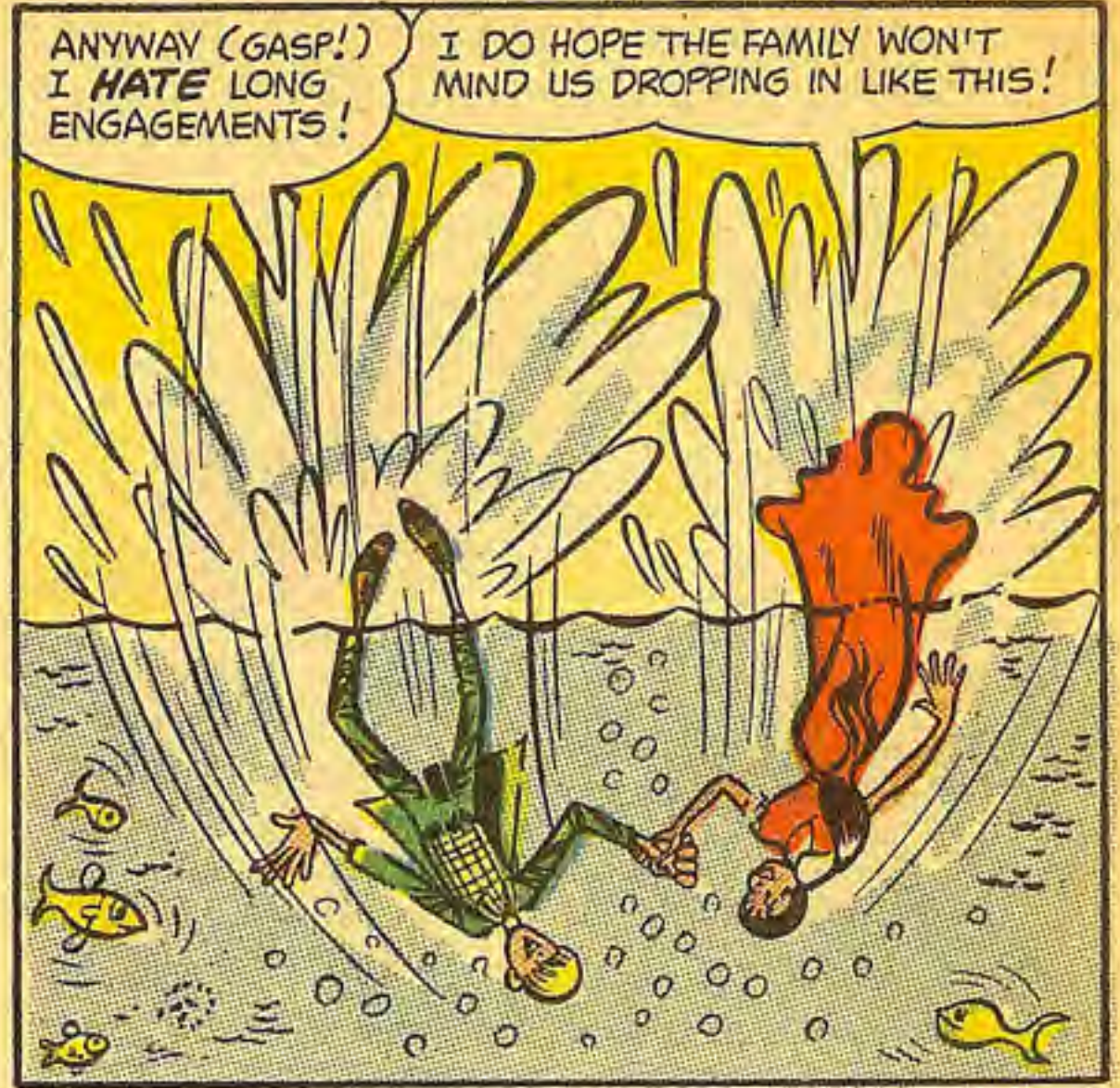
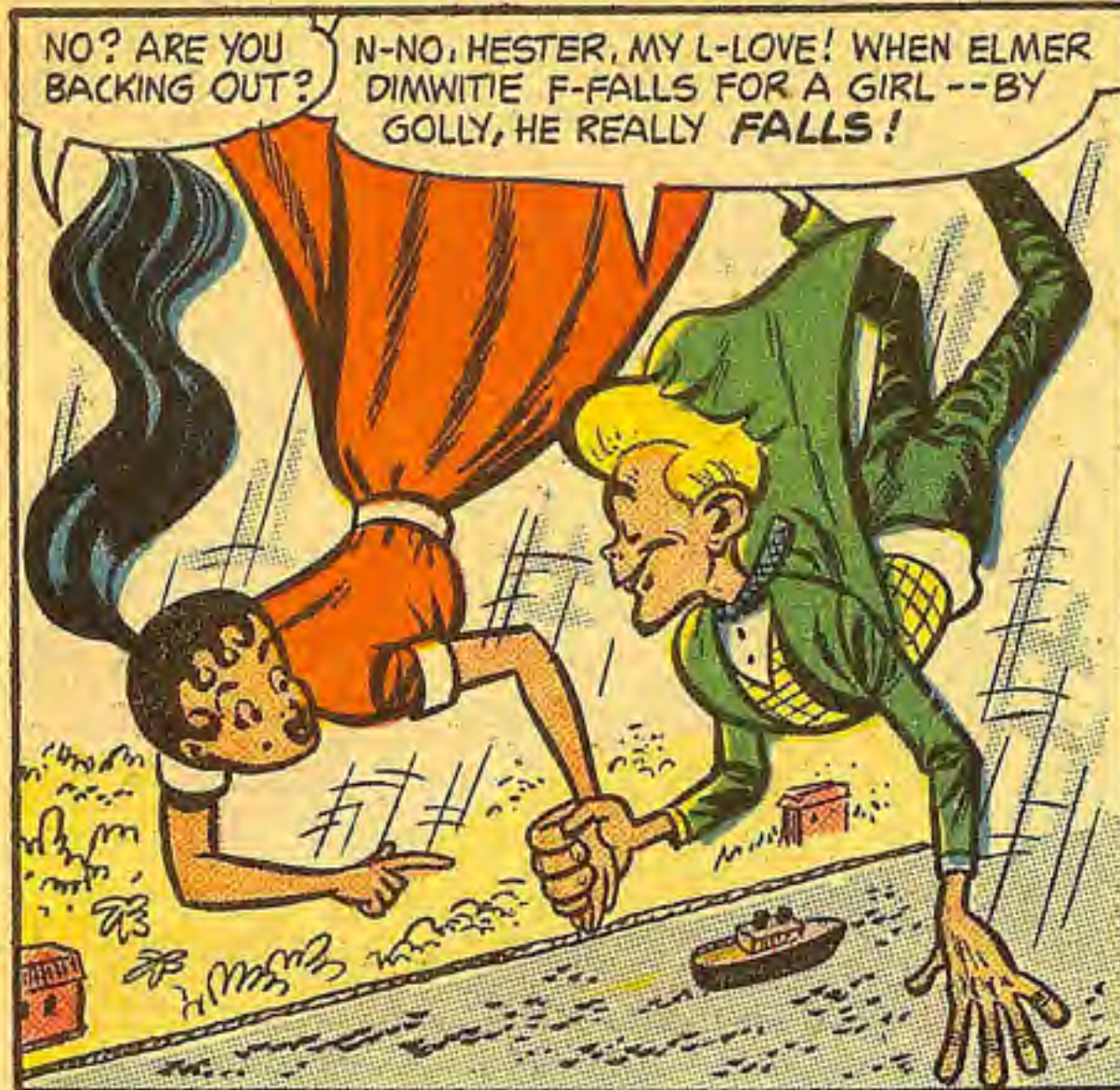
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YES, ELMER MET HESTER'S PARENTS -- ETHEL MERMAID AND BUSTER CRAB -- WAS MARRIED TO HESTER BY CAPTAIN DAVEY JONES AND WENT TO LIVE IN A LITTLE CORAL COVERED COTTAGE. AT LEAST, THAT'S THE WAY ELMER TELLS IT. SOME SAY HE'S STILL ALL WET -- BUT THEN, **THAT'S** TRUE, ANYWAY!

THE (GLUB) END.



50 MILLION MICE CAN'T BE WRONG! OLD MOLD CIGARETTES

MADE FROM THE FINEST GRAPE OF KENTUCKY BREAD MOLD OBTAINABLE, WERE FIRST TESTED ON A SELECT GROUP OF CHURCH MICE (THE MOST DEPENDABLE TYPE, OF COURSE)!

SAYS ABNER C. MOUSE OF MENOOKA, PA., "I'VE BEEN USING OLD MOLD'S PENICILLIN PUFFERS FOR NIGH ON TO THREE HOURS, AND MUST SAY -- KAAAAAFFFF! UH, EXCUSE ME -- I MUST SAY I GOT THE *TREATMENT* INSTEAD OF THE *TREAT*!"

SO DON'T *YOU* BE A *RAT*!
LISTEN TO WHAT THESE MICE
IN THE KNOW ARE FORCED-UH-
HAVE TO SAY! BUY A
CARLOAD TODAY!

• FOR THE TREATMENT
INSTEAD OF THE TREAT,
ORDER UP A MESS OF AGED
IN THE BREADBOX OLD
MOLDS. YOU WON'T BE
SORRY - YOU MAY
NEVER GET THE
CHANCE, EVEN!



REMEMBER OUR SLOGAN —

Not a Coffin in a Carload!

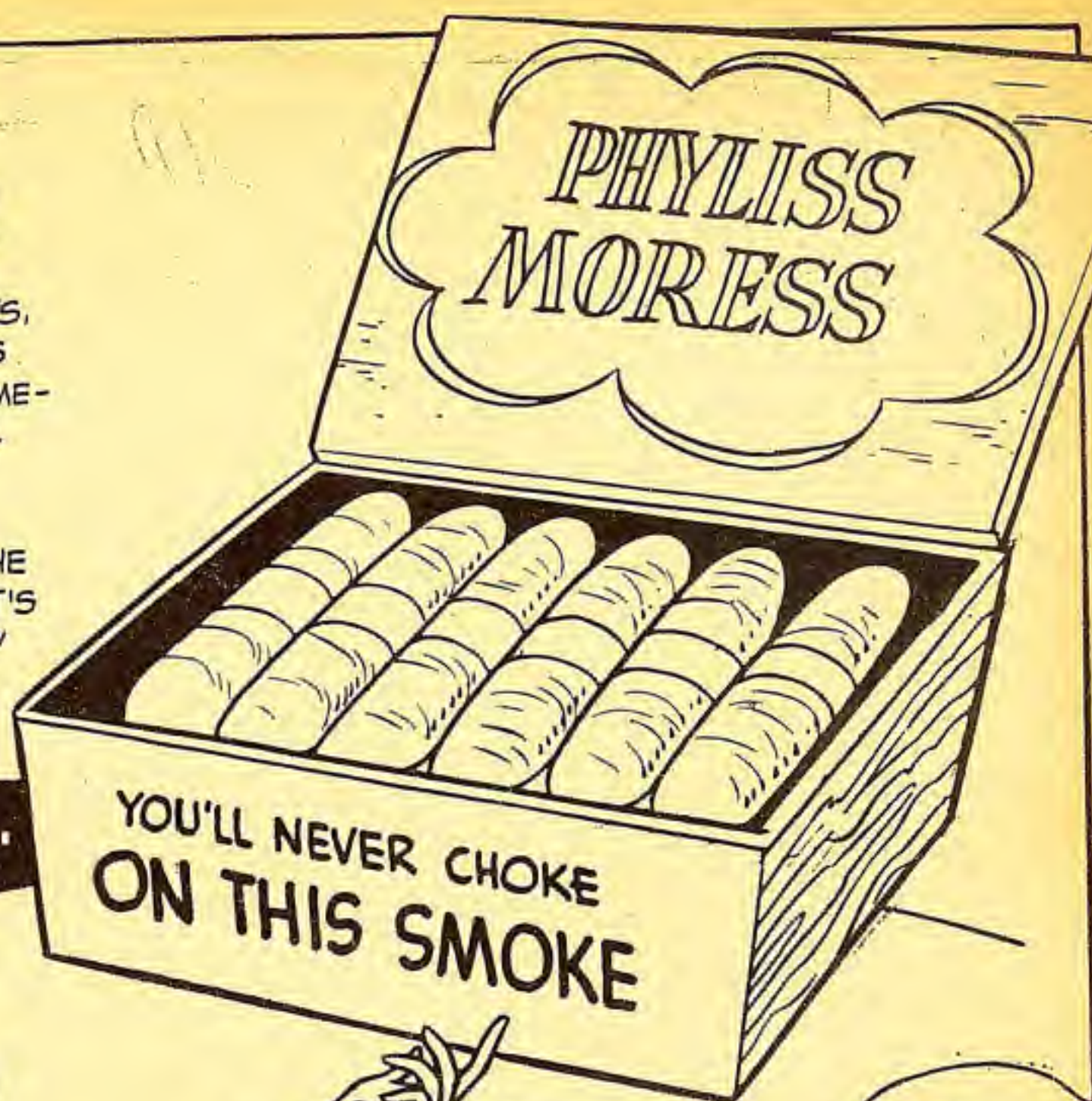
PHYLISS MORESS

HAS ACHIEVED A NATION-WIDE REPUTATION FOR A REASON! ASK ANY TRAVELING MAN AND YOU'LL LEARN WHY—THEY **REALLY** KNOW.

SAM SCHNOOK OF MCCARTHY, WISCONSIN, SAYS, "LEAVING MCCARTHY BEHIND ME ALWAYS HURTS ME WHERE I LIVE, BUT I MAKE UP FOR ANY HOME-SICK FEELING BY CALLING FOR MY FAVORITE --

PHYLISS MORESS!

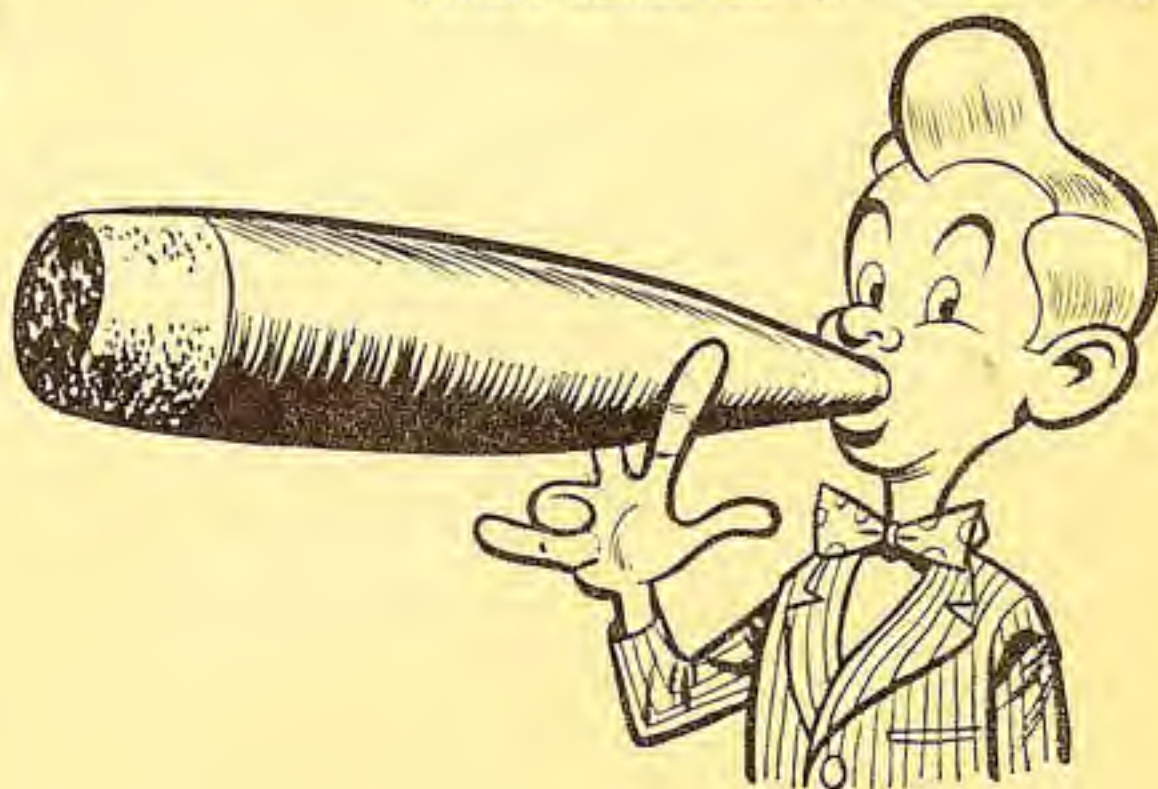
SMOKING THESE STENCHY STOGIES BRINGS THE FULL MEMORY OF MCCARTHY BACK TO ME! IT'S LIKE HAVING A LITTLE BIT OF HOME WITH ME!"



WHENEVER YOU'RE HOMESICK FOR A GOOD SMOKE, OR SICK OF HOME AND NEED A GOOD PICK-UP, REMEMBER TO CALL FOR PHYLISS MORESS! IT'S THE WEED THAT FILLS A NEED! PACKAGE OF TEN, ONLY 4 CENTS

BOX OF 20, \$86.00

(THEM BOXES COME MIGHTY HIGH)



INGREDIENTS USED IN PHYLISS MORESS CIGARS ARE PRE-TESTED BY EXPERTS—NO TARS, NICOTINE, ACIDS OR TOBACCO ARE USED IN THESE FINE SMOKES! IT'S PURE FILTER TO ASSURE YOU THE CLEANEST POSSIBLE SMOKE!